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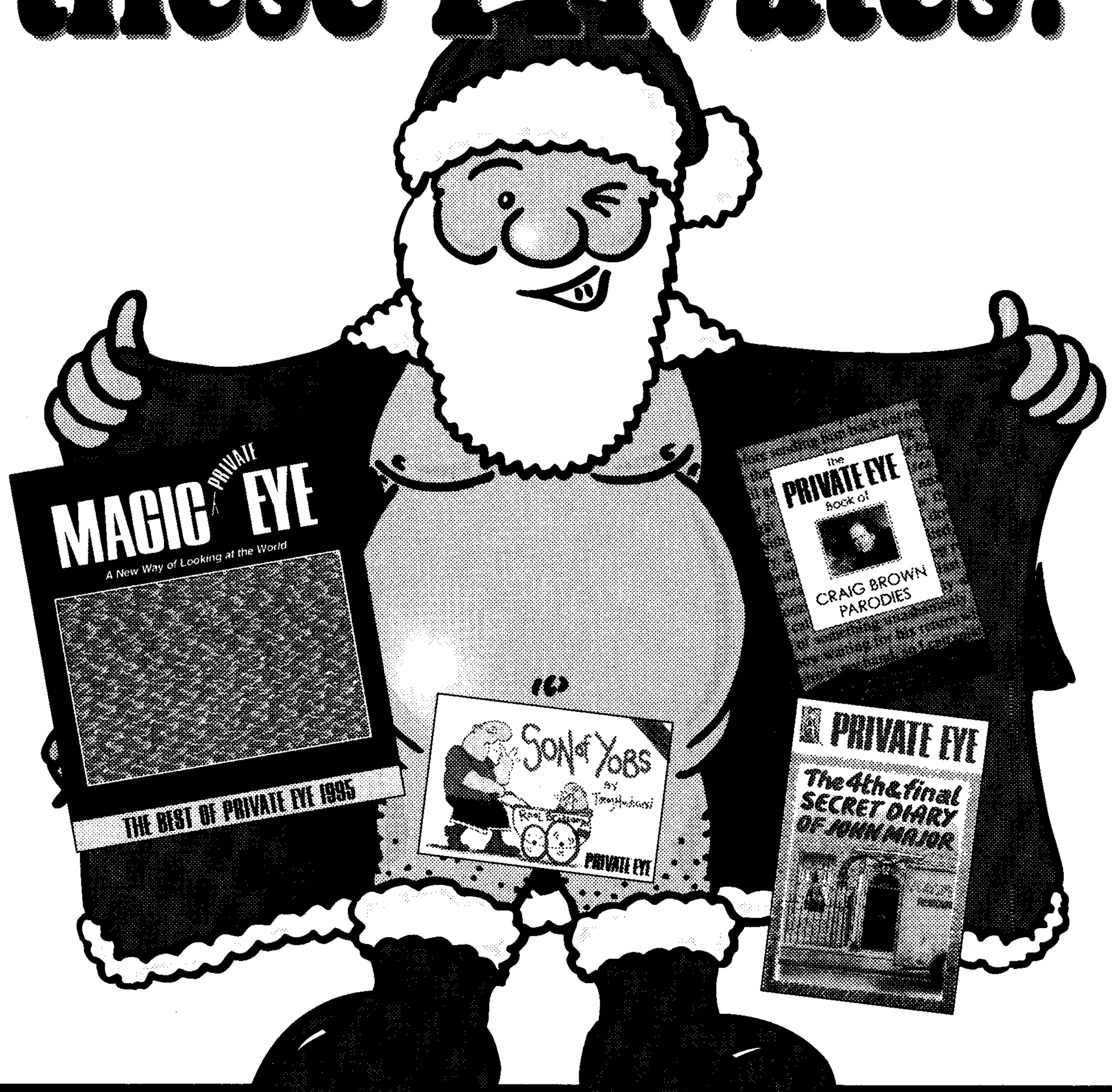
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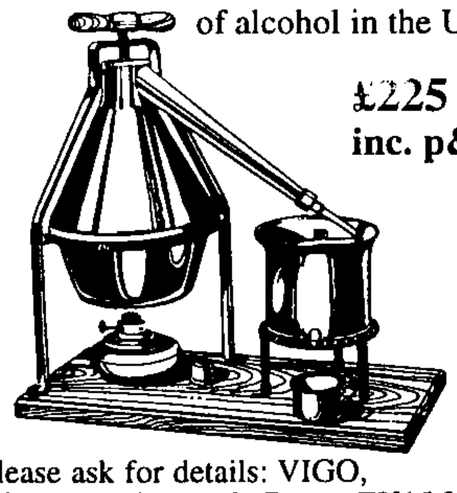

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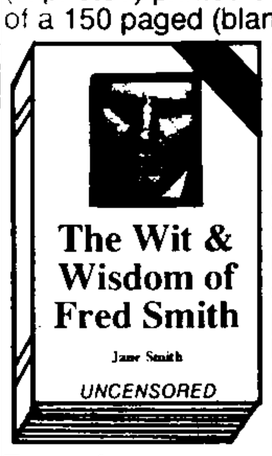

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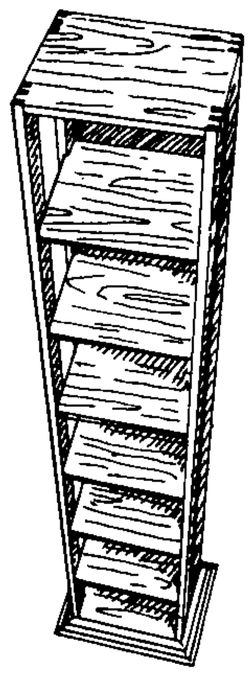

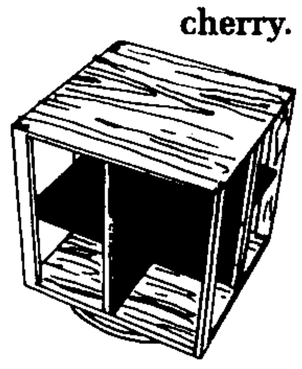

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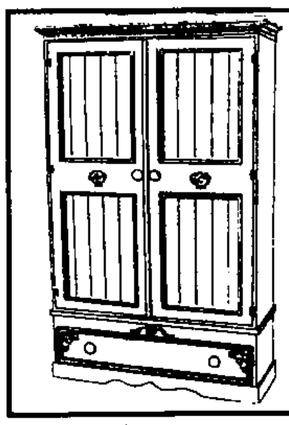

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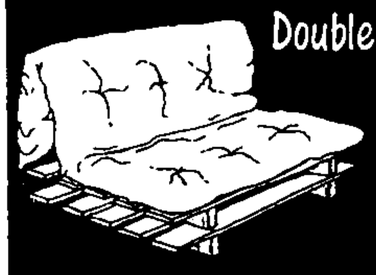

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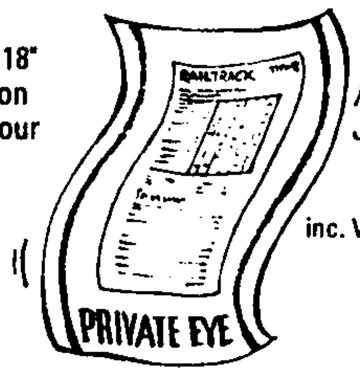

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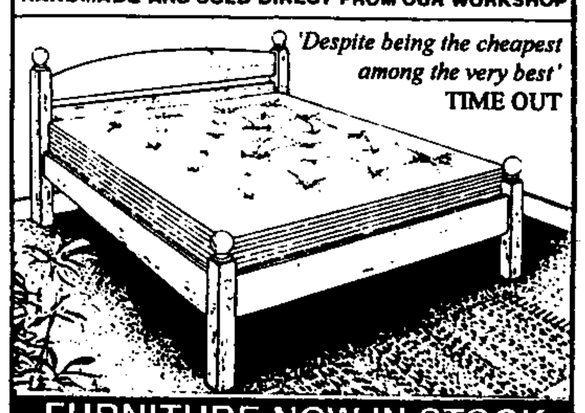

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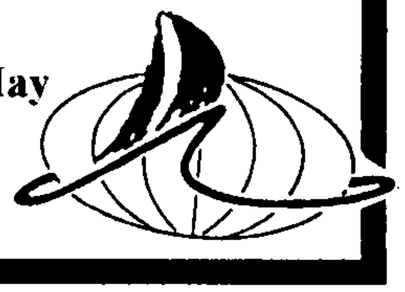

Gnome

From the Hon Nicholas Gnomes

A STATEMENT

WHILE I yield to no one in my admiration for Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, I would like to protest in the strongest possible terms at some of her allegations on the BBC's *Panorama* programme.

The suggestion that she was the victim of a conspiracy by friends of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to brand her as a lunatic is ridiculous.

As we all agreed at our secret meeting held last night at St James's Palace, there could be no clearer evidence that she is a lunatic.

Rt Hon Sir Fatswell Gnomes
Chairman
The League Against Diana

A CORRECTION

AFTER consulting with my colleague the Prime Minister it occurred to me that I might be sacked *(shurely 'I might be misunderstood'? Ed.)*

I therefore decided on the Prime Minister's advice to issue a clarification of the above statement.

When I used the words "Diana" and "lunatic" in the same sentence, some readers may have gained the impression that I thought Diana was a lunatic.

Nothing could be further from what the Prime Minister wants. *(Shurely 'the truth'? Ed.)*

What I of course meant to say, in the words of John Major himself, was that "Diana is ten times as popular as this government and any fat twit of a minister who attacks her must be a suicidal basket-case."

I hope that makes everything clear.
N.G.

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PRIVATE EYE BOOK SIGNINGS
See page 24 for times and dates.

PRIVATE EYE

COLOUR SECTION

FOLLOWING Nicholas "Bunter" Soames's wild tirade against Princess Di on *Newsnight*, the Prince of Wales's staff hastily let it be known that he was a "loose cannon" and "unguided missile" who spoke only for himself.

"Sources said he had received a call from Commander Richard Aylard, Charles's private secretary, telling him to 'back off'," the *Daily Mail* reported. "Charles's friends insisted that the minister had never been authorised to speak for the prince."

Not so. When Soames was first invited to appear on the programme, he actually refused. But then a *Newsnight* hack asked Commander Aylard if he could suggest someone who would act as the prince's mouthpiece. Get Soames, Aylard advised. The hack then rang Bunter again, pointing out that the prince's own private secretary wanted him to appear — whereupon Soames, ever the loyal courtier, duly obeyed.

His only crime, it seems, was that he represented Charles's true views all too accurately.

THE state of the RAF Tornado jet fighter-bomber fleet is being quoted by right-wingers as an example of the shocking effects of defence cuts. In fact, the Tornados are down the drain because of privatisation.

The Commons select committee of defence denounced as "deplorable" the ministry of defence's contract with Airwork Ltd for refurbishing Tornados which resulted in "significant damage" to 18 of the planes. The disaster would have been even greater if it had not been discovered: *not* as part of an official inspection system, but by a junior technical engineer who had the guts to report what he saw.

The contract was withdrawn after eight months and given back to British Aerospace from whom it had been taken because BAe had bid a higher and more realistic price. While Airwork was making a mess of the Tornados, the MoD gave it another contract to install an infra-red counter measure system in 23 Hercules cargo planes. According to the MPs this too turned out to be a case of wasteful and disgraceful "poor workmanship". To the "astonishment" of the MPs the taxpayer is picking up the bill for all this.

Though they used tough language, the MPs relied on a questionnaire and did not take oral evidence from Airwork, which has 49 other defence contracts and will not lose any of them.

Among those who escaped public interrogation was Mr W.T. Heslington, Airwork's engineering manager, who got the CBE in June 1993, the month after the Tornado disaster became clear; Bill Walker, MP for North Tayside, who went on a visit courtesy of Airwork to see an aircraft factory in Germany in October 1993; and the chief executive and managing director of Airwork throughout the period, Air Vice Marshal "Don" Spottiswood, a former director of the RAF Staff College and captain of the Queen's Flight.

PS: Since the Tornado and Hercules cock-ups, Airwork has been bought by Short Brothers: paid parliamentary adviser, David Mellor.

LORD Sterling of Plaistow, chairman of P&O, continues to have difficulty coming to grips with the complexities of buying train tickets for his journeys between London and Haslemere.

In the few weeks since the notorious decision of the managing director of South West Trains to remove all trace of Lord Sterling's penalty fare from the records, the noble lord has been involved in two more similar incidents on the 16.52 from Waterloo.

On the first he and his travelling companion had only one ticket between them. The passenger paid the fare plus penalty with a Coutts gold card. Two days later Lord Sterling was approached by a guard. Again he did not have a ticket but he agreed to pay his fare on the train. The guard does not have the power to impose penalty fares.

Has P&O enough money to help its chairman pay for his rail fares? The answer appears to be yes. The company's Cheshire-based subsidiary Roadtanks has the golden contract to ferry water over the Pennines to tip into Yorkshire Water's empty reservoirs. This strenuous effort on behalf of private enterprise is topping up P&O's already bulging coffers by £3 million a week.

THE Rt Hon Ian Lang is said to be the first president of the board of trade who has had to withdraw from his responsibilities for the Lloyd's insurance market because he is a "name" at Lloyd's.

He has handed over responsibility for Lloyd's to minister of state Anthony Nelson. But as government decisions about what to do over Lloyd's become more and more complex, Nelson is said to be exceedingly embarrassed by the increasingly inextricable relationship between his boss and the beleaguered market.

Nelson was said to be especially concerned when he heard Lang's old Glasgow company, Rose Thompson, is suing Lloyd's for £1 million.

THE advertising department of Shell picked the right weekend — in the middle of all that fuss about the lynching of Ken Saro-Wiwa and his eight colleagues — to advertise in the *Guardian* for a "marketing and publicity officer" for Shell's Better Britain Campaign.

The advertisement explained: "The campaign encourages action by local people to improve the quality of life at neighbourhood level in ways that respect the earth's resources."

- ***Hackwatch: Di Special*** 6
- ***Hallo! to Fatty Soames*** 7
- ***In The Tearoom*** 9
- ***Letter from Dayton, Ohio*** 15
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- ***Slicker on Guinness*** 28

"Whoever wrote this should be shot!"

Hackwatch Special: Verbal Di-arrhoea

"THE pressure on us both as a couple with the media was phenomenal," the Princess of Wales told Martin Bashir. "I seemed to be on the front of a newspaper every single day, which is an isolating experience."

How odd, then, that she should provoke one of the greatest media feeding-frenzies of modern times by discussing her love life on national television. The press coverage was indeed phenomenal — phenomenally lavish, phenomenally vacuous and, as often as not, phenomenally wrong.

The Forecasters

Wednesday 15 November: No sooner has the BBC announced the interview than Fleet Street's finest are confidently revealing its contents. "The *Sun* understands she mentions England rugby skipper Will Carling — but dismisses their friendship as 'innocent'," writes Wayne Francis, "Britain's Top Royal Reporter". The *Sun* asks other "top royal writers" for predictions. "I don't think she will talk about anything too personal, in case it upsets her children," says Nigel Evans, the editor of *Majesty* magazine.

Geoffrey Levy of the *Daily Mail* doubts there will be any intimate disclosures. "The word for those who will tune in to *Panorama* next Monday at 9.40pm — many having never considered watching this sober programme before — is not to expect too much. No Dimbleby-esque confessional. Nor any score-settling with her husband."

16 November: With the interview still four days away, the papers continue to whet our appetite. Under a huge front-page headline — "Diana 'Was Spooked by MI5 Spies' " — the *Daily Express* reports that "the programme on Monday is understood to reveal the full extent of her belief that the security services were behind tapped telephone calls and tip-offs about her movements". Over at the *Mail*, Diana's favourite hack, Richard Kay, reassures us that "next Monday night's film contains nothing to undermine Prince Charles or the Royal Family... Her closest friends even hinted that anyone switching on and hoping for another bloody round in the war of the Waleses will be disappointed."

19 November: The *Sunday Mirror* splashes a front-page "exclusive" bearing a strange similarity to the *Express* story three days earlier. "Princess Diana has told in her sensational TV interview how she believes MI5 is involved in a spy campaign against her," it reveals. Elsewhere in the *Mirror*, we learn that "interviewer Martin Bashir does not ask the hard questions that Prince Charles agreed to face. Diana apparently is not quizzed about her relationships with either England rugby captain Will Carling or ex-army major James Hewitt, who claims to have had a torrid affair with her."

According to the *Sunday Express*, "rumours that there would be revelations about her love life are unfounded".

The *Sunday Times* offers a typically well-informed preview by its society columnist, Taki. "Much Ado About Nothing is the appropriate description for tomorrow evening's Princess Di television gala," he sniffs. "It is anodyne because even the manipulative and partly mad Diana does not dare to go on record saying things she encouraged her entourage to tell Andrew Morton. She will be conciliatory, full of goodwill towards her in-laws and — if my informants are correct — when asked about her divorce she will say 'that is a private matter between me and my husband'... She denies ever having cheated on her husband before or after the separation."

20 November: The big day. "No, of course Diana isn't going to dish the dirt tonight," Esther Rantzen informs *Daily Express* readers. In the *Daily Mirror*, "royal expert" Anthony Holden reads the runes. "Do not expect Diana to say anything too dramatic," he warns. "Do not expect her, for instance, to tell the world that she never loved her husband — as Charles chose to broadcast of her. Nor to admit to adultery, as he so foolishly did. She is far too clever for that."

"It sounds as though tonight's *Panorama* will be less dramatic television than expected," writes the *Sun*'s agony aunt, Deidre Sanders. "The word is she's resisted the temptation to dish the dirt on Charles, or their marriage break-up. And I'm not surprised." Other *Sun* experts take the same line. "Any thoughts that the main reason Princess Diana is telling her story on television is revenge on her unfaithful husband will be dispelled tonight," "expert on Palace affairs" Brian Hoey forecasts.

Moving slightly upmarket, the London *Evening Standard* asks Vernon Bogdanor, reader in government at Oxford University, for his judicious opinion. "The Princess of Wales has always acted with dignity in the difficult position in which she has found herself," he pronounces, "and those hoping for 'revelations' are likely to be disappointed."

21 November: Whoops! The princess has dished the dirt after all -- not least on herself. Fleet Street hastens to catch up, hiring vast armies of pundits to state the obvious, at enormous length. These crack regiments include...

The Experts

ALMOST anyone can be a royal "expert" these days. The *Daily Telegraph* carries a front-page review of the princess's TV performance by its theatre critic, Charles Spencer. ("Those amazing dark blue eyes have never seemed so full of sorrow, the voice more sincerely, and let's be frank about this, sexily, husky.")

More eccentrically still it then runs a leader-page article by its defence editor, John Keegan. "She promises to be an excellent mother to the next heir to the throne," he announces, with all the expertise that comes of lecturing at Sandhurst for many years. "She will certainly continue to be an icon of beauty and humanity to the multitude."

Ross Benson of the *Daily Express*, whose main claim to expert status is that he was at school with Prince Charles, seeks refuge in the oldest journalistic cliché of all: "Whatever the future may hold, one thing is certain — the British royal family, that symbol of stability and continuity, will never be the same again." A day later the *Express* parades Peter "Bonkers" Hitchens, who is rather more poetic. "Has she laid an axe to the roots of monarchy itself?" Hitchens wonders, apparently forgetting that tree-fellers usually apply their axe to the trunk. "When the great tree falls in the forest, in the stark silence after the tearing crash, we will look up at the newly-naked sky and wonder what we have done. And so will she."

What of Andrew Morton, the man who started it all? On the eve of the interview, he writes a piece for the *Observer* claiming that he has renounced royal hackery and is now concentrating on his biography of the Kenyan president, Daniel Arap Moi. "I have weaned myself off a daily diet of tabloids serving regal titbits, thrown back copies of *Majesty* magazine in the bin, and even sold my royal library to a monarchist bookseller... After 13 years at the royal mast, I was in danger of becoming a literary Marie Celeste, travelling aimlessly from one TV studio to another, pontificating about the royal family. Fresh challenges beckoned..."

Three days later he is pontificating away like billy-o. "EXCLUSIVE: By royal author Andrew Morton" the *Daily Mirror* trumpets, above an article in which he discloses that "her dearest wish is that she escapes blame for this current crisis in the crown." Morton also holds forth in that day's *Sun*, where he concludes that "she has a deep psychological hatred of being blamed for anything".

Meanwhile the *Daily Star* seems to have a few psychological problems of its own. On Monday morning its editorial demands that the Queen "knock some sense" into the princess. "Diana can't pretend that she can go on as Princess of Wales," it thunders. "Her millions of admirers will think better of her if she stops the bitching and gets on with the rest of her life." On Wednesday, after a swift U-turn, the *Star* denounces the "Buck House bullies" who tried "to brush her under the carpet". "Her biggest weapon is the people," it gushes. "They are right behind her."

The Glendas

ON THE morning after *Panorama*, the *Mail*'s Glenda-in-chief, Lynda Lee-Potter, delivers a glowing verdict: "She was too clever to give her enemies any ammunition by making any vicious allegations. She showed only sadness and humility despite the underlying anger and bitterness... She put on one of the greatest performances of her life as a saintly, forgiving, understanding woman. Of course she was right to do it..." A day later, Lee-Potter pops up again in the *Mail*. "There are those who say the Princess had a right to speak her mind," she complains. "I think she would have revealed more true love for her children if she had protected them by silence."

While the regular Glendas do their usual somersaults and handstands, editors seek out serious feminists who can anoint Di as the patron saint of oppressed women. There is no shortage of volunteers. "She has walked among us, this goddess," Suzanne Moore raves in the *Guardian*. "She knows what it is like to suffer. She has been there. And the promise is that she will be there for you too... She is a nineties woman with nineties conflicts. There are a lot of us out there."

In the *Daily Telegraph* Virago author Yvonne Roberts hails a kindred spirit: "Welcome to the sisterhood, Diana." A senior member of the sisterhood, Fay Weldon, claims in the *Observer* that all women support Di and all men are against her. "To new women, she is the virgin victim of a supremely patriarchal society, fighting back, demanding her rights..." Nigella Lawson of the *Times* introduces a note of caution: although women love to hear Diana discussing intimate details in public, men will simply take it as proof that she is unhinged. Fortunately "she knows the dangers, but wants to confront them. She obviously believes, with Nietzsche, that what doesn't kill her makes her stronger." Obviously.

The Groupies

ALTHOUGH the Glendas would have us believe that Princess Di appeals only to women, in fact there is a certain sort of middle-aged male hack who finds her quite irresistible — especially if he's had a lunch invitation to Kensington Palace.

Even before the broadcast, these pin-striped cheerleaders are hard at work. "The Queen Mother has her own special place in our hearts," a *Sunday Telegraph* editorial coos on 19 November. "The same is true of the Princess of Wales. Both women are strong and beautiful and brave. Both are fallible

human beings. More than that, though, both appear to have as much affection for us as we have for them." The Princess certainly has plenty of affection for the *Telegraph's* editor, Dominic Lawson: she recently agreed to be godmother to his baby daughter.

As if that weren't enough fawning for one issue, Lawson commissions Auberon Waugh to write her a 1,000-word love letter. Only last year Waugh described HRH as "a mad, sexless, manipulative monster" — but since then he has become a regular lunching companion and has gone all gooey. He confesses that he is "extraordinarily lucky" to know her. "The princess has the most beautiful manners. She has a genuine warmth which makes her interested, even involved, in everybody she meets... In her blithe and enchanting way, the Princess of Wales seems almost single-handedly to have taken on every unpleasant aspect of the modern world."

Another fond old fool, Paul Johnson, drools and dribbles all over the *Evening Standard's* leader-page on the morning after the interview. "Not since the Merry Monarch, Charles II, has a British royal spoken with such succinctness, wit and grace. Moreover, it is no handicap that the Princess is a beautiful woman, with huge, longing eyes..." After all this, it comes as no surprise to learn that Loonybins Johnson, like Waugh, has been got at. "Almost exactly a year ago, on 21 November 1994, the Princess invited me to lunch with her to give her advice," he boasts.

The Shrinks

"BODY language expert" Jane Lyle delivers a professional assessment in the *Daily Mirror*. "She used a wry, one-sided smile, which is a way of saying she accepted what had happened to her," Lyle writes. "When talking of Andrew Morton's book she was nodding her head a lot which means she strongly believes she was right to cooperate." Presumably *Mirror* readers would not know, without the assistance of a body-language expert, that head-nodding signifies agreement.

The *Mirror* also calls in the services of "top therapist" Beechy Colclough. "When she said there were 'three of us in this marriage'," he reveals, "she was highlighting the deep rejection she felt at the hands of her husband." Fancy!

"She still has an emotional tie to Charles," says psychiatrist Dr Dennis Friedman in the *Sun*. "That's why she referred to him as 'my husband'." Not to be outdone, Anthony "In The Psychiatrist's Chair" Clare turns up in the *Independent*. "She used the words 'my husband' again and again, wrote Clare. "It was highly significant..."

Which brings us finally to Dr Raj Persaud, the all-purpose media shrink, whose bank balance must look exceedingly healthy after his efforts in the past couple of weeks. In a full-page feature for the *Daily Mail*, he asks: does she suffer from Borderline Personality Disorder? He describes the symptoms — "profound uncertainty in life goals; liability to become involved in intense but unstable relationships, producing regular emotional crises; excessive efforts to avoid abandonment; recurrent threats or acts of self-harm; and chronic feelings of emptiness." But after glittering in this fashion for more than a thousand words, he admits that she isn't a Borderline case — which may leave some readers wondering why he bothered to write the piece at all.

In the *Express* the same day, the same Dr Persaud concentrates his analytical skills on the princess's body language. "She never required a drink of water throughout the interview," he points out triumphantly, "indicating that she did not have a dry mouth." Who would have guessed it?

Private Di-Di-Di!

PERCENTAGE of entire newspapers given over to Diana story:

1. Mirror, 21/11 — 27.7%

2. Daily Star, 21/11 — 26%

3. Sun, 21/11 — 25%

Bubbling under: Daily Telegraph and Private Eye.

HALLO! THE HEARTWARMING COLUMN

HALLO! HOW touching to hear Nicholas "Bunter" Soames's moving discourse on Princess Diana's state of mind! The pinguid defence minister is an expert on marital matters and family values.

How well I remember a lunch at White's in 1979 when Lord Soames advised his young pup of a son Nicholas loudly over lunch that anyone who wanted to embark on an impecunious parliamentary career had better "get his prick in the till".

What he meant, I haven't a clue. But I did note that quite by chance Cupid's dart just happened to hit the jackpot in 1981 when "Fatty" married heiress Catherine Weatherall — and then again two years ago when he got hitched to Serena, eldest surviving daughter of Coutts director Sir John Smith.

Young Nicholas obviously knows all about the value of families!

Nevertheless, people can still be perfectly beastly about our slimmed-down 16-stone armed forces minister. A former girlfriend once described making love to him as: "Like having a wardrobe fall on you — with the key sticking out."

HALLO! "MAJOR" James Hewitt seems to be suffering an advanced phase of, er, paranoia. Besieged by the media he has taken to firing a 12-bore shotgun out of his bedroom window at the slightest disturbance.

Diana's former "love" was snoring off a hangover recently when he heard a car chugging up his Devon driveway. He leapt up and was about to fire when an elderly man, cowering, quavered: "I'm the chairman of the parish council. Would you open our village fete?"

Though his mother Shirley moved in some months ago, James cuts a lonely figure, his only companion being handyman Terry, a gnarled yokel who lives in the servants' quarters. James occasionally allows Terry "in" for smutty boys' talk. Alas "Sir" cannot reciprocate as he now has no girlfriends, only memories — and those he would never divulge!

HALLO! **POOR Diana! Hoping to relax in first class on the way to Buenos Aires, who should she find sitting in the seat behind her than champagne-sozzled oik and royal "expert" James Whitaker?**

Whitaker had snapped up the spare seat when Diana's private secretary, the clueless Patrick Jephson, had been relegated by the Palace to Club class. His crime of course was failing to stop the *Panorama* broadcast.

HALLO! IN November's *House Beautiful* forgetful Teresa Gorman shows off her delightful period Essex home. "One of our first tasks here was to open up the ground floor," says the MP for Billericay, who, though she forgets to mention it, is being prosecuted for altering the house without listed building consent.

HALLO! *AFTER the television revelation that the late Duke of Windsor was a Hitler fan who encouraged the Nazis to bomb England into submission, I am surprised while visiting the National Army Museum's medal collection in Chelsea to find pride of place going to the former Edward VIII.*

Our abdicated king, with his dazzling array of gongs, forms the centrepiece of the medal collection. It was donated and opened by Queen Brenda — who has made it very clear she will not have the heirlooms back under any circumstance.

HALLO! TO the glamorous gala opening of David Hockney's exhibition at the Royal Academy. Hockney is a talented draughtsman, but with those interminable Californian compositions of naked youths one senses — how can one say? — a certain lack of development. After mature critical reflection, however, the Marquesa does detect one artistic development: as the Bradford lad gets richer so the male members get, um, larger.

"Walt, next time bring back something useful"

HALLO! PALACE censorship certainly isn't what it used to be. These days the Princess discusses her bodily functions openly on *Panorama*, but it was only a few years ago that Prince Charles was having problems with his renowned publication, *The Old Man of Lochnagar*.

The publishing house dutifully sent the manuscript to the palace for checking and it was returned with plenty of royal blue pen markings. A palace sub-committee had disapproved of all the farting jokes in the prince's book (obviously a favourite gag with His Royal Highness) and had insisted on their removal.

HALLO! *WHITHER shapely Lady Pollard, television star and fashion guru?*

Alas, la Bollard now seems to sit at home with her girl friends watching TV and fretting about her figure. So worried is she that she broke off recently to denounce the lovely Final Cut actress Isla Blair for taking off her clothes on screen at 49.

"After asking our nearest and dearest how we measure up to the bouncing heroine," writes a distraught Eve in the Times, "we all came to the sorrowful conclusion that we probably looked worse. Who used to say they didn't approve of plastic surgery?"

My God: with an already magnificent embonpoint Eve surely isn't considering silicone implants? The planet will be toppled giddily off its axis!

'The Marquesa'

Street of Shame

CHRIS HOUSE, crime correspondent of the *Sunday Mirror*, and Sue Harris, newsdesk secretary on the *People*, have both been sacked for selling their newspapers' stories to arch-rival the *News of the Screws*. The scam had been going on for several years — Harris had apparently earned about £25,000 from it before being caught.

Why is the Mirror Group not suing the disloyal duo for their flagrant breaches of contract? Simple: the former editor of the *Screws*, Piers Morgan, would undoubtedly be called as a witness in such a case — "if not by them, then certainly by us", according to one *NoW* hack.

Under cross-examination he would be obliged to reveal that he personally authorised the payments to Harris and House — his signature is on every one of them — and that he was therefore an accomplice in the conspiracy to defraud the Mirror Group.

This might be ever so slightly embarrassing for Morgan and his new employers, since he is now editor of, er, the *Daily Mirror*.

AS Tony Parsons leaves the *Daily Torygraph* to become the highest paid columnist at the *Daily Mirror*, what does he think about the average *Mirror* reader?

A worrying clue is offered by a 1992 article he wrote in the *Daily Mail* entitled: *Why I hate the modern British working class*. Said Tony: "They are post-literate. They can read. But — apart from a daily dose of tabloid — they don't... Afflicted by cultural lethargy, their flabby minds are as undiscerning as blotting paper, willing to soak up any rubbish that prime-time trash culture decides to pump out."

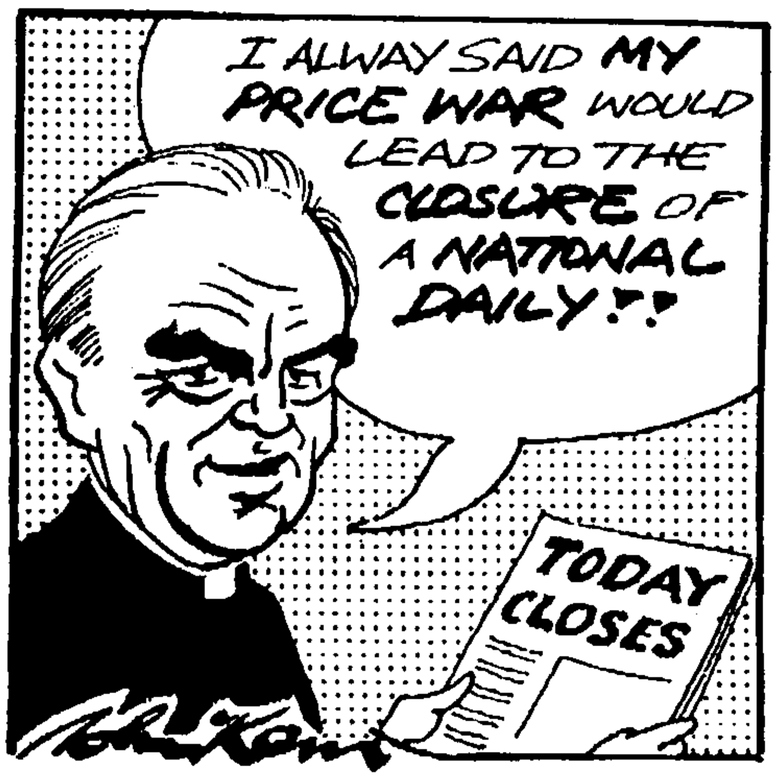
He adds: "The working class: you know them when you see them! They are the reason you prefer to avoid Indian restaurants at closing time."

This is not the revolutionary rhetoric he penned in 1976 with his then partner Julie Burchill in the *Socialist Worker*. Doubtless Parsons is now being paid more than £150,000 a year to harangue *Mirror* readers on their lumpen stupidity.

LEGENDARY *Daily Mirror* deputy editor Brendon "Chucky" Parsons, desperately trying to save his job now that Piers "Boy" Morgan is editor, has taken to calling hacks into his office to give them pep talks. As they leave, "Chucky" calls out: "Remember - my door is always open."

"Pity it's not your window," snarled one hack.

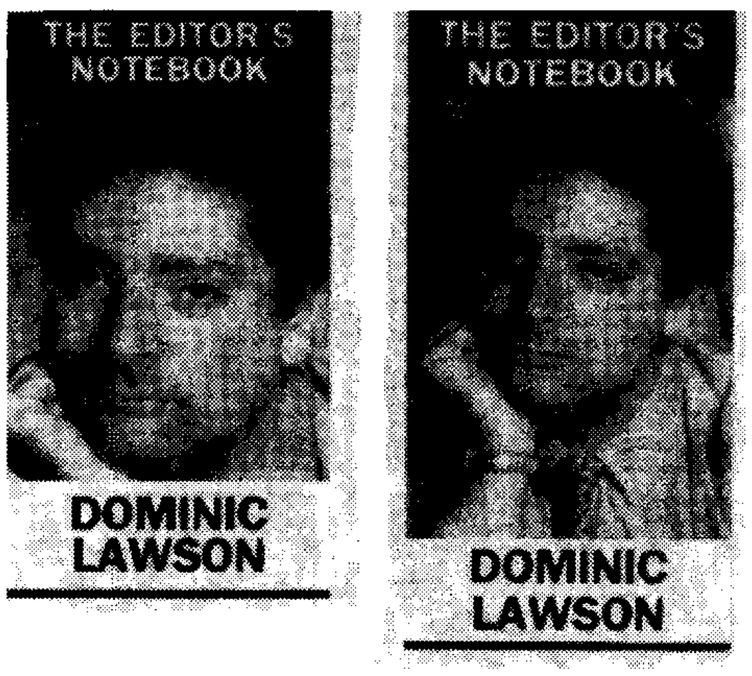
Sensibly "Chucky" is preparing himself for another career. He has taken up Flamenco dancing.



HE may be editor of the *Sunday Telegraph* and one of the Princess of Wales's most famous friends, but is Dominic Lawson letting it go to his head?

Er, yes. At the *Telegraph*'s editorial conference a couple of weeks ago, he announced that he had detected a serious flaw in the paper. "My photo at the top of my column isn't big enough," he complained. "I think the readers want to see rather more of me."

And, sure enough, a week later they did.



HUNGARIAN-born Lady Verushka Wyatt was very irritated when we detailed her efforts (see *Eye* 883) to prevent the exposure in the London *Evening Standard* of daughter Petronella's omission to pay her council tax. She duly laid siege to Westminster city hall demanding to see the chief executive. Details of her daughter's fiscal forgetfulness had not only been leaked to the *Standard*, but to a "deespeecable" magazine called *Private Eye*, she wailed.

After heated talks a trembling council underling was required to write to the *Standard*, laughably asking for the name of its source. "Zis vud never have happened in Hungary," Lady Verushka bellowed. "My family vur judges there." "I vill sue," was her parting promise to Westminster council staff, "if vun vurd of this appears in zee papers!"

WHILE hacks galore queue up to offer their services to new *Daily Express* editor Richard Addis, some of his old chums may have a head start.

One such is Jemima Lewis, his former assistant at the *Mail*, who benefited greatly from Addis's "hands-on" approach to editing. He is, it seems, a great admirer of her talents.

Another hackette who may be heading *Express*-wards is Anna Pasternak, an old flame of Addis's. He would certainly be well advised to have her inside his tent, if only to discourage her from penning *Editor in Love*, a kiss-and-tell extravaganza which would make her James Hewitt book look tame indeed.

One person who will not be wishing Addis well is fellow Old Rugbeian Salman Rushdie. While he was at the *Daily Mail*, Addis approached the novelist and explained that, although the paper had persistently sniped at him, it now wished to give him a right of reply. Having been promised that his copy would be published in a prominent position, and would not be cut or sub-edited, Rushdie duly wrote the piece — only to find it printed on the letters page, slashed to ribbons and surrounded by predictably hostile letters from *Mail* readers.

AFTER *Today* folded the vital task of signing pisspoor columnist Anne Robinson up to the *Sun* fell to Les Hinton, chairman of News International.

While mortal hacks scrabbled for crumbs at the *Sunday Times* and *Times*, Les took Robinson to the Savoy for lunch. She had recently upped her *Today* contract to £247,000 a year — more than £5,000 a column — and Hinton was forced to increase even that to £280,000 a year. He also agreed that Robinson would report directly to the chairman's office — and not to Stuart "the human sponge" Higgins, editor of the *Sun*.

MORE on Marina Barker, the *Evening Standard*'s newest recruit, renowned for having taken her kit off for *Playboy*.

First she dated *Sun* and *News of the Screws* cartoonist Tom Johnston. Then one evening at the Groucho club she met Alex James, the Blur bass player. Since he wrote his request for a date on the [illegible]ooning Barker's pad Tom Johnston became [illegible]y and la Barker has been swept off in the Blur jet to gigs in Belfast and Paris.

At last Londoner's Diary has a contributor whose contacts aren't just dim army bores or nonentity aristocrats. Next thing Max will be listening to Oasis.

STAFF at the sinking *Independent* were excited to hear of a morale-boosting Christmas bash — and less happy to receive the limp photocopied invite telling them tickets were £5 each.

Compared to the free knees-up at the *Sunday Times*, whose enormous gilt-embossed invites do any mantelpiece proud, the *Indie* affair was a let-down — especially when it emerged that the deposit for the party had been paid by a member of staff. No, not by David "Mirror Group Share Options" Montgomery, but by Susannah Lewis, the managing editor's secretary.

SIGNAL FAILURES

RAILWAY enthusiasts in Leeds are disturbed by the plans of an electrical company, Farnells, to demolish the old Armley station on the historic Leeds-Settle-Carlisle line.

The Aire Valley Railway Association had hoped to reopen the station for its proposed new line for children down the Kirkstall Valley, and Armley could be a useful station on the proposed new Metro local railway. Opponents of the demolition point out that Farnells, a highly profitable company, does not need the land and has no plans even to develop the station site.

If the row gets much hotter it could embarrass at least one of the directors of Farnells, the most recent recruit to the board, Bob Horton, chairman of Railtrack.

THE government drive to introduce free-market competition on the railways has pushed one line in the south-east into the hands of a monopoly operator.

Until September the service between Gatwick airport and Maidstone was operated jointly by Network SouthCentral and the South Eastern Train Co. Now it is operated exclusively by the latter. A spokesman for South Eastern said the change was directed by the Office of Passenger Rail Franchising (Opraf) to tidy up the franchise areas, Network SouthCentral being due for privatisation early next year.

Opraf's action shows two things: fragmentation of the network is making cooperation and joint agreement increasingly difficult; franchising is already so complex that competition on individual lines — the alleged goal of privatisation — is generally impractical and would wreak havoc on most routes.

FOLLOWING Railtrack's passenger time-table into the bin are heaps of glossy bits of paper promoting "Prism Engineering", a fragment of BR due to sell advice on signalling matters to rail firms.

BR scoured the engineering field to ensure the name did not conflict with anyone else's before registering Prism Engineering as a company. But a month before Prism Engineering's launch at the end of November it was ordered by the transport department to change its name. The DoT was bowing to pressure from Prism Developments, a bus firm consortium bidding for the Southend rail franchise.

Thousands of brochures, business cards, headed paper and other bits are being pulped and replaced, and the organisation is being reregistered as Opal Engineering — all at public expense.

'Dr B. Ching'

● ***Private Eye*/Railtrack tea-towels are available from Private Eye Productions for £5 inclusive.** *See advertisement on Page 4.*

IN THE TEAROOM

WHY has Robin Cook, Labour's foreign affairs spokesman, acquired the nickname "Di"? Answer: For some time Cook has been displaying symptoms of "an advanced phase of paranoia" about the underhand activities of courtiers, particularly Peter Mandelson, whom he has long suspected of plotting to cut his public duties and keep him off the telly.

The chief object of the shadow foreign secretary's bile is the shadow chancellor, Gordon Brown, with whom he fell out years ago in Edinburgh over the issue of Scottish devolution.

The recent two-week campaign of whispering and leaks was designed to ruin Brown's big day — the budget. Of course Cook has not met the Andrew Morton of the lobby himself, but close friends have been allowed to talk about how deeply the shadow cabinet is split by Brown being "out of control" on policy-making.

All this has led Labour's tearoom constitutionalists to bore on about the longer term issues: can Cook remain wedded to the leadership-line once Blair has been crowned Prime Minister? Is any kind of separate political life to be tolerated? Does all this need to be kept under wraps for fear of a damaging effect on the children... er... sorry... the voters? These matters are now in the hands of chief whip Donald Dewar who will continue discussions with Cook about his role as head of Labour's policy forum. But Cook has a somewhat embarrassing ambition. He wants Gordon Brown's job. He wants the treasury portfolio. He wants to run economic policy. He wants to be... the King of Diamonds.

'Urquhart'

ONE of the loudest and most active critics of the new rule requiring MPs to declare earnings from outside interests was James Cran, Tory member for Beverley and rightwing Europhobe.

When the Commons voted for disclosure of the cash, Cran was outraged. He attacked it as "intrusive and damaging" and said parliament "would regret passing such an irresponsible measure". This was not always his view.

In 1990 the Tory MP told *World In Action*: "I'm very much in favour of extending the rules and asking those MPs who receive money from consultancies to tell us how much they're getting. The advantage this would have is to let us know those MPs who are not paid at all. We might therefore listen to them rather than to those who are paid."

In 1990 Cran honourably refused to have any commercial interests. So why the volte-face? Surely not because he is now parliamentary consultant to the board of Lincoln National (UK) plc, specialists in life assurance, unit trusts and pensions, who last year paid for Cran to go on a very important freebie to Fort Wayne in Indiana.

THE *Eye* disclosure that the much-loved Jonathan Aitken and Norman Lamont were to make a mysterious trip to Abu Dhabi via Paris prompted a nervous response. The company paying for it, Jupiter Tyndall Global Fund plc, promptly cancelled the excursion.

Nevertheless more news arrives concerning Lamont's commercial links with the Luxembourg-based fund managers. The former chancellor is chairman of one of their major clients — the Taiwan Investment Trust plc, whose board is also "adorned" by John Duffield, head of Jupiter; advertising executive Geoff Howard-Spink; and Julian Seymour, director of the UK Thatcher Foundation.

Duffield believes Lamont's experience and contacts will be "invaluable" in Jupiter's drive into Far East investment markets. Let's hope he does a better job for shareholders than he did for UK taxpayers.

NICK PINE is a prominent member of a leading Tory dynasty close to high-flying Havant MP David Willetts.

Like his mother, a former mayor of Havant, and his brother Roy, chairman of Hayling Island Conservatives, Nick Pine is a stalwart member of the local Conservative association.

He also happens to be a freemason — steward to the Excelsior lodge — and owner of publishing companies, Milestone and Scope International. His Shire guide to souvenir china is sold by tourist boards and National Trust shops throughout the land.

Now, however, the Tory publisher has diversified into paedophile directories at £60 a throw, which detail how to pick up young girls in Brazil and Asia. Campaigners against child prostitution are upset and local Tories hope the Pine family will keep a lower profile in future.

FOLLOWING the decision of Labour's national executive committee (NEC) to stop Liz Davies fighting Leeds North East at the next election because she is a socialist, bad feeling still reverberates round her home patch, Islington town hall council chamber.

Davies, who chairs Islington's wimmin's committee, is finding it hard to be comradely towards fellow Labour councillors Phil Kelly and Tal Michael. Indeed, she has now issued writs for libel against them for allegedly bringing her good name into disrepute.

The two are said to have slagged Davies off after witnessing her performance at an education committee meeting more than a year ago. Why she waited so long to issue writs is a mystery.

SURREY East, held by dependable Tory Peter Ainsworth, is being challenged for Labour by Dave Ross, a former Middlesbrough councillor who, like deselected Liz Davies in Leeds North East, fell out with his local Labour group on the council.

Ross was kicked out of the group after he punched a fellow Labour councillor in full view of a visiting delegation from Ethiopia. After the whip was withdrawn he was again castigated by his local party after he sat on a ward selection panel that was hearing an application by his wife.

Trouble arose at the selection when all the other candidates struggled with complicated questions but Mrs Eileen Ross rattled off polished answers. When Ross gave his wife a signal towards the end of the interview to tell her to cut it short, the implied priming of Mrs Ross caused her deselection.

While "new" Labour has enforced all-women shortlists in the North-west and banned candidates in Leeds its prudence is not mirrored in its southern selections.

EFFORTS to cut spending at the health and safety executive (HSE) have reached absurd proportions.

Director-general Jenny Bacon has been told to keep bills at 1993 levels and is casting around desperately for cuts. Senior field inspectors have been told to learn to use laptop computers and input their own data — work previously done by around 250 clerks and typists who will be made redundant.

A pilot run in Wales, involving 100 inspectors, has already resulted in farce: instead of the inspectors visiting farms and factories trying to ensure safety standards and to save lives, they waste precious time at home and in lay-bys struggling with their laptops.

And when more than 20 inspectors log on at the same time the £10 million system comes crashing down, losing vital data. Hospitals, schools, 4,000 farms, hundreds of businesses and Cambridge university have all been permanently lost from the computer's memory.

PALAKKAT, Aug. 25 — Continuing their drive against fake firms duping investors with false promises of fabulous rectums, Kerala police have taken into custody Ashok Kumar, promoter of the High Yielding Scheme (HYS) at Kalmandapam here.

Arab News

"Congratulations, sir. You're our one-millionth dissatisfied customer"

THE best way to get a top job on a quango is to go and live in John Major's Huntingdon constituency and support the Tory party there.

Environmentalists everywhere are still recovering from the amazing appointment of the 4th Baron de Ramsay as chairman of the probably most powerful quango in the country: the Environment Agency. No one could think of a single reason this aristocratic golfer and field sports enthusiast should get the post — until someone realised that he lives in a stately pile in Major's constituency and handsomely supports the Tories there.

Another fortunate Huntingdonshire Tory is Mike Jones, vice chairman of Resurgence Railways, which against all the odds is the "preferred bidder" for the lucrative privatised railway to the South West.

No one could think of a single reason Mike Jones should run a railway. He had not even been charge of a bust double glazing firm, as his chairman had. Then Brian Wilson, Labour's industry spokesman, realised the real reason. Mr Jones, he said, had been Tory party chairman at Huntingdon.

This was immediately and furiously denied by the Huntingdon Tory party, which pointed out that Mr Jones had only chaired a ward in Huntingdon. Had he chaired the whole party, he would probably be running the whole railway, not just part of it.

WHEN energetic Unionist party leader David Trimble flew back from Washington to vote on MPs' financial interests, he found his colleagues lacking enthusiasm for the fight against sleaze.

Trimble made a stand by refusing to vote with the Tories, but only his veteran predecessor, James Molyneaux, turned out to vote with him.

At least Ken Maginnis and Martin Smyth had an excuse: they were engrossed in Clinton-Gore meetings in the US. But newly created deputy leader John Taylor was on his way to a very important meeting with his holiday home in Cyprus. And the other more anonymous Unionists — Roy Beggs, Clifford Forsythe, William Ross and Cecil Walker, aka the Woodentops — also failed to show.

PS: Trimble registers just one shareholding, while Cyprus-bound Taylor boasts seven remunerated directorships, the income from which will now have to be revealed.

Meanwhile the abrasive Ian Paisley Jnr is following in his father's hugely diplomatic footsteps. "Junior" upset Trimble and co with a brilliantly timed statement to the effect that his father's Democratic Unionist party needed to prepare itself to capture seats from the Ulster Unionists. This scuppered months of careful negotiation by Paisley Snr's deputy, Peter Robinson, who was trying to unite the Unionists in a coalition to rival the Republicans' Reynolds-Hume-Adams accord.

'Backbiter'

ITV

Roughnecks
Redcaps
(both BBC1)

IN the television schedules certain subjects tend to cluster around certain days. Sometimes this is dictated by the material — Saturdays for sport, Sundays for religion — and sometimes by a controller's whim: for instance, the concentration of comedy on Fridays, a Michael Grade innovation to which Michael Jackson has now responded.

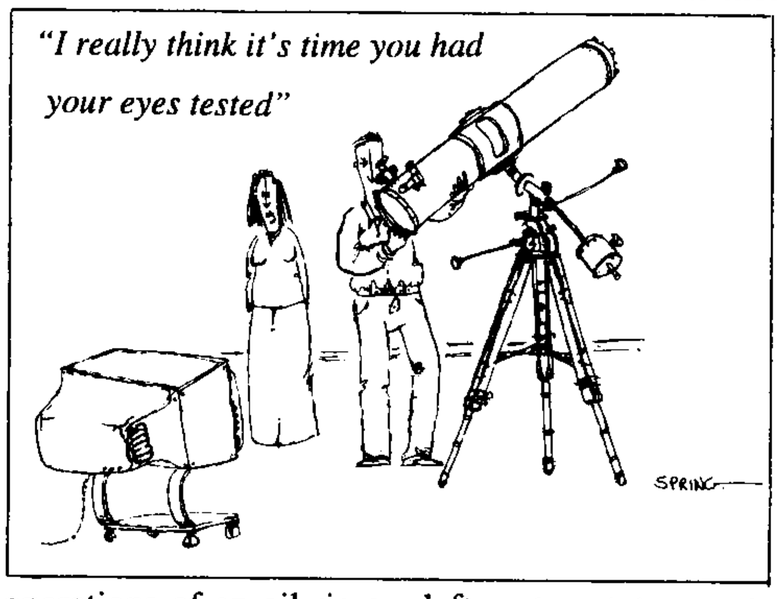
In another example of the latter strategy, Alan Yentob has designated Thursday nights as a ladfest. Perhaps there's some logic in this — the idea being that the boys stay home to preserve cash and stamina before Friday night — but, for whatever reason, in the slot previously lent to *Men Behaving Badly* there now appears a job lot of shows about men at work.

Their affinity is further signalled by their one-word titles beginning with the same capital letter: **Roughnecks**, a drama series set on an oilrig, is immediately followed by **Redcaps**, an observational documentary series about the activities of the Royal Military Police, the "army's own police force".

Roughnecks is itself such a rough piece of work that it's popularly known in the trade as *Men Acting Badly*. The ludicrousness of the project begins with the opening titles, which are mock-*Dallas*, the block-capital word *Roughnecks* racing towards us across the frozen North Sea as a prelude to little cameos of the central characters looking animated, of the kind once given to JR and Pam and the rest. This is a huge risk, as the same trick was used by the last BBC major drama set on British coastal waters, a famous little disaster by the name of *Triangle*.

Under BBC1's cunning policy of cloning ITV's drama successes, *Roughnecks* is a kind of *London's Burning*-with-oil-and-water. *London's Burning* set the trend for male characters in television to have nouns rather than names: Bayleaf, Sicknote, Vaseline and so on. So *Roughnecks* has a Ceefax and a Cinders. (Memo to any writer out there looking for a peak-time drama commission: erase Matthew, Luke and John from your WP and rechristen your characters Applemac, Bigmac, Clearasil and Railtrack.)

Roughnecks, though, should really have at least one character called Buggerall, as the majority of the dialogue is shockingly inconsequential. The line, "Terry, any news about that chief mechanic's job?", is the writer's idea of plot-tension. Chunks of research about the operations of an oil rig are left carelessly lying around in the middle of scenes: "That's yer boom lever, yer main motor and the alarm," an old salt instructs a rookie. Further dampening the excitement, the series is deliberately directed in the low-key quasi-life style fashionable in the 80s. One of the cast — Ricky Tomlinson, DCI Wise in *Cracker* — has done this kind of thing before for Ken Loach and can get away with it, but the rest of the actors look as if they're mumbling their way through a technical run-through.



There's a fair amount of low-key mumbling in *Redcaps* too, but at least this series has the excuse of reality. Even so, it has to be said that observational documentary's march through British institutions and professions — army, police, zoos, schools — is beginning to look a little ragged if the Royal Military Police are thought worthy of a fly on their wall. Standby for *Teabags*, an in-depth look at police canteen staff, and *Flushers*, a documentary series about the lavatory-cleaners of the British Army.

The problem is that while the police and the army are reasonably interesting in their different ways, the army's police force is far less fascinating than either. The bulk of last week's episode was devoted to the arcane operational question of whether a military policeman has jurisdiction over civilians who are suspected of offences on military property. The answer eventually seemed to be no, but the question was a no-no from the start. Rather recklessly in the circumstances a scene was included in which a youth in a corridor objected to the presence of the cameras with the prophetic words: "There's no documentary ... turn that shit off!"

Nervous of the lack of a narrative and conscious of what Thursday nights are for, the producer fell back on scenes of bloodied victims of Saturday night fights in an episode titled, with perfect market-sensitivity, "Blood, Beer and Tears". There's so much testosterone in the air on Thursday nights it's a wonder they don't just have done with it and call *Redcaps* a six-pack rather than a six-parter. Its producer, anyway, is called Kevin Mann. He's going to get a lot of work on Thursdays.

'Square Eyes'

MEDIA NEWS

A MOST interesting letter has been sent to independent television producers by one Mike Vanderkar of the Total Communication Partnership.

"You, more than most people, will appreciate the dilemma of producing the highest quality programming for television within the constraints of ever diminishing budgets," he writes. "We recently broke new ground in this area with an imaginative concept that exploits the off-air opportunities of a current BBC-2 series titled *Jancis Robinson's Wine Course*."

The "new ground" in question looks suspiciously like a moral quagmire. Here's how the trick works:

Jancis Robinson's Wine Course was commissioned by the BBC from Eden Productions, a company run by Ms Robinson and her husband, Nick Lander. Since the BBC couldn't afford the full £1.1 million cost of the series, Eden Productions agreed to raise £200,000 itself in return for "merchandising rights". Then, with the assistance of Vanderkar's Total Communication Partnership, Lander signed a deal with Sainsbury's under which the supermarket would flog "Jancis Robinson's Wine Selection" — a range of flavoursome tipples linked to the series. Robinson and Lander receive a royalty from Sainsbury's for every bottle sold, plus a licensing fee. The "wine selection" has been promoted in the *Radio Times*, which also carried a 16-page supplement based on the book of the series.

Defending the deal in *Marketing Week* recently, the BBC's media correspondent Torin Douglas argued that "the BBC has received no money, because the deal is with Eden, nor has it endorsed Sainsbury's." Quite so; but the BBC was able to buy the programmes on the cheap because of Lander's merchandising wheeze. In short, Sainsbury's has effectively subsidised a major TV series about a range of wines which is being sold through... Sainsbury's.

In his letter, Vanderkar suggests that "this unique approach to programme funding and marketing can apply to many other productions, particularly if we are involved at the concept/script stage of development..." The possibilities are indeed limitless: Richard Branson might care to subsidise a BBC series about Virgin Cola; or perhaps Marks & Spencer will chip in towards the cost of a documentary on the fascinating history of St Michael's underpants...

ONE of the best current jokes at LWT concerns *Forty Years of ITV Laughter*, a show cobbled together from excerpts of old sitcoms and sketches.

The actors have been paid a repeat fee but none of the writers has got a penny. They may have the last laugh, however, because Writers' Guild lawyers are looking into the possibility that breaches of copyright, if not out-and-out piracy, have been committed by LWT and/or the production companies, and potentially very expensive legal action for LWT is threatened.

IT WAS AN ARCHAIC BRITISH INSTITUTION IN DECLINE...
WHOSE OPINIONS NOBODY TOOK SERIOUSLY...
RULED BY REMOTE OUT-OF-TOUCH PEOPLE...
SO I SAW A ROLE FOR MYSELF...
AS SAVIOUR OF PANORAMA
"QUEEN OF OUR HEARTS!"
EDITOR
Ken Pyne

DISCORDANT sounds at Classic FM where SAGA, who advertise special insurance for the over-50s, has been sponsoring a recent programme of music.

One leading musician, who is more than 50 years old, was interested in the insurance and phoned SAGA for more information.

Musician: "Hello. I'm inquiring about your over-50 insurance."

SAGA rep: "Just a moment, sir. If you are a musician I will have to consult one of our underwriters... [*Pause*] Hello, sir? Our underwriter said *'No way!'* "

PRISON NEWS

NEVER let it be said that showpiece private prisons can't match the grotty state sector for suicides.

The privatised Doncaster Prison, run by Premier Prison Services, has outstripped state-run Armley as the suicide capital of the north. The suicide of 20-year-old remand prisoner Peter Kendall brings to five the number of deaths in "Doncatraz" since the pioneering jail opened 18 months ago.

THE directors of Group Four, the security company that got lots of government contracts when former cabinet minister Sir Norman Fowler was a director, has been smarting under the criticism of prisons inspector Judge Tumim.

Back in April Tumim criticised conditions at Campshill detention centre, which is for people seeking political asylum in Britain and run by Group Four. The judge said detainees were "suffering from stress induced by boredom and fear for their future". After puzzling about this for five months, a Group Four supervisor at Campshill, John Wood, came up with a brilliant idea: why not hold a beauty contest to nominate Miss Campshill 1995?

The arrangements went ahead for the night of 27 October after all visitors had left. Unhappily for the organisers their enthusiasm for the contest was not widely reciprocated among detainees. After much bullying and wheedling only two of the 30 women at the camp could be persuaded to take part and the numbers had to be made up by a male Group Four security man in drag.

Both contestants were declared joint winners and were awarded half the prize: a big bag of crisps and some mineral water.

NOOKS and CORNERS

SOME new buildings are consecrated by bishops; others opened by royalty. In the case of the Brynmawr Rubber Factory, it was visited by Frank Lloyd Wright while on a tour of his ancestral homeland, and the great American architect formally peed against a reinforced concrete column.

This may not have been the best inauguration: less than half a century on the building is seriously threatened with demolition although it is listed and is widely considered the finest post-war building in Wales (not that there's much competition).

Now I know that many of my readers cannot take modern buildings seriously, but this one is different. Sometimes known as the Dunlop Semtex Factory (*not* explosives), the Brynmawr Rubber Factory was a noble, philanthropic venture to bring employment to the depressed South Wales valleys. It was designed by the Architects' Co-Partnership, a group of idealistic left-wing architects just back from the war, and opened in 1951 — the year of the Festival of Britain — to produce not rubber johnnies but bath mats, lilos and that sort of thing.

This may sound funny, but the point is that the building is *very beautiful*. Nine light shell domes of reinforced concrete, pierced by small round openings, float above columns. Reyner Banham called it "one of the most impressive interiors built in Britain since St Paul's". That is not hyperbole.

But it was a commercial flop. "Jim" Forrester, Lord Verulam, the chairman of Enfield Cables who brought the enterprise to Brynmawr, soon found that orders for bath mats did not flood in. The factory was sold to Dunlop, who ran it (and spoiled it) and closed it in 1982. In 1986 the factory was listed grade II, making it even more of a problem.

Schemes to make it into a hypermarket, a leisure centre, another factory, a sports centre, have all come and gone, usually foundering against the intransigent indifference of the local authority, Blaenau Gwent district council. For the people of Brynmawr seem unmoved by the fate of the modern movement masterpiece in their midst, and impervious to the truth that the famous rubber factory is the only thing that makes Brynmawr worth visiting, for the place is a dump.

The factory has been in receivership since 1990 and anyone interested in saving it has found that Messrs Alder King, estate agents acting for Cooper & Lybrand, has declined to name a price, thereby making negotiations difficult. In 1994 a local developer and demolition contractor formed a consortium which took an option on the now rotting factory. After all, a cleared site is worth more than a building and there are all sorts of grants available for redevelopment and new industries. The only problem is that it remains a listed building.

Not that CADW, the Welsh historic monuments commission, is any use. Like Historic Scotland but unlike English Heritage, CADW is directly responsible to the secretary of state and the timid civil servants in this "executive agency within the Welsh office" therefore feel obliged to stand aside as the Welsh deal with what historic buildings remain in the principality. CADW makes English Heritage seem a model of dynamism and imagination. As for the poor old rubber factory, "we cannot enter into a substantive discussion on the future of the building, so I doubt whether a meeting would serve much purpose", is the response of the chief executive, Mr T.J. Cassidy, to the Twentieth Century Society's anxiety about its future.

So now an application for listed building consent to demolish lies with the Rt Hon William Haig, the new secretary of state for Wales. Will he call the case in for public inquiry, as it surely deserves? Or will he be content to consign one of the most inspiring modern structures in Britain to unnecessary oblivion? We shall see.

'Piloti'

Pseuds Corner

Sir—Why is Hugo Williams so eager to recycle his misreporting of the First International Poetry Incarnation at the Royal Albert Hall thirty summers ago? Virtually every reference to the event in his Freelance column of October 27 is demonstrably inaccurate.

The poem Allen Ginsberg reads towards the end, "The Change", includes the phrases "Come back to your bodies" and "Fuck me in my ass-hole", as witness the printed text in the book of Peter Whitehead's film of the reading, *Wholly Communion* (1965) — but not, *pace* Williams, "Come and arse-fuck me". While Ginsberg, a militantly American poet, would never say or write "arse" (except parodically), Hugo, being so English, would never say or write "ass" to mean bum. But for Williams to delude himself that Ginsberg yelled "arse-fuck" is only the latest of many instances of the craven defensiveness of little-Englandist response to radical North American poetry in general, and to Ginsberg's in particular...

MICHAEL HOROVITZ
Letter to Times Literary Supplement

Last night designer consultant Stephen Bayley claimed the Mercedes and BMW had very different characters — each appealing to aspects of Diana's own personality.

"The BMW makes a definite statement of erotic power," he said. "It suggests that Diana is familiar with power and knows how to use it."

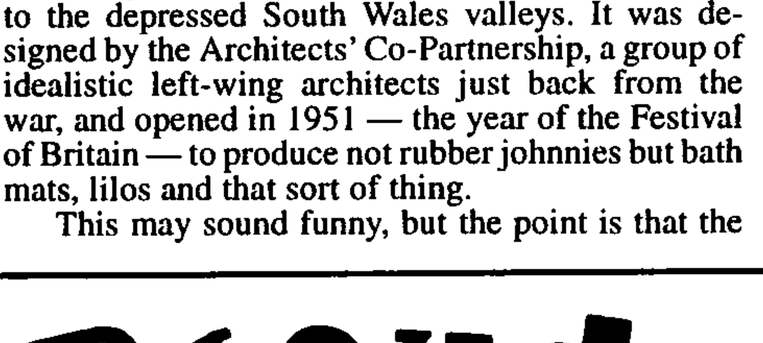
The Mercedes, however, stood for "suave gravity". Mr Bayley added: "I think Diana is now looking for something that makes a stronger statement about herself."

Daily Express

One of the occasions he (Steve Harley) felt closest to God was when he met Bob Dylan at a festival.

"When I introduced myself he did me the courtesy of sitting beside me. It had been raining so I said 'At least it didn't rain during your performance.' He replied, 'The weather, the weather.' " Others might have found this response disappointing, but not Harley. "For a minute, I was positive there was a God."

Sunday Telegraph



Risk is also on the agenda for Simon Costin, a British artist best known for his conceptual "body sculptures"; jewellery designed to kill its wearer. Working with photographer Nick Knight, Costin's installation will include photographs of himself on fire as well as videos of himself repeatedly shooting the back of his head off. His work begins with his fascination for special effects, enabling him to *see* death. "It's not about suicide," says Costin. "I think of myself as neutral, really. I don't mean to be hurting myself. It's more about repetition and renewal."

Guardian

The judge said the trial had been conducted without ill-temper and praised the closing addresses by Brian Leveson, QC, prosecuting, and Richard Ferguson, QC, defending. He said: "We have had the privilege of listening to two fine speeches. Very different in style.

"Mr Leveson, analytical; Mr Ferguson using a broader brush to make his strokes. The difference between a Canaletto and a van Gogh, you may think."

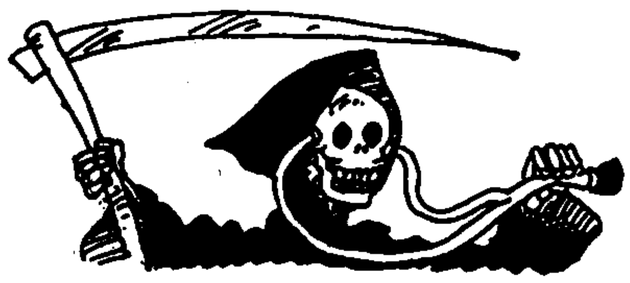
Daily Telegraph

The conference will support alternative "methods" of making "meaning" through a variety of "media", a central idiom of post-industrial organisational life. We feel the alternative "methods" of understanding "media" will add variety to "meanings" as well as meaningful variety. Indeed, the setting for the conference, Los Angeles, a city with a robust blend of multiple sub-cultures and a tradition of innovation and dynamic change, has sometimes been characterised as a harbinger of post-industrial life.

Conference on "Exploring the post-industrial subculture: Medium, meaning & method".

CONTRIBUTORS: K. Nolan, E. Graham, P. King, L. Nolan, E. Bolton, J. Hollois.

£10 paid for entries



DOING THE ROUNDS

Focus on Birmingham

"IT IS an impossible situation, a catastrophe waiting to happen. If we are running into these sorts of problems mid-November, then God help us in December, January and February."

So said Dr Peter Hawker of the emergency admission crisis in **Birmingham**. Wholesale cancellations of admissions have been ordered by **West Midlands regional health authority** to ease the strain on staff, especially at **Good Hope hospital** where 11 patients were recently treated to overnight on a trolley, with some remaining there for 18 hours (the patient's charter maximum is four).

Dorraie Saunders, 82, got off relatively lightly with a seven-hour wait on 31 October. When she left the "No Hope" she had to get changed behind a blanket because no cubicle was free.

Casualty consultant David Bowden is quitting in protest, while other consultants have written to the management expressing their "concern, frustration and anger". Earlier this year the nursing staff threatened to go on strike, but the working conditions have not improved. As one patient said: "When we arrived there was a queue of seven trolleys. The doctors and nurses were rushed off their feet. It was terrible."

RHA chief executive Brian Edwards visited the troubled department and observed: "This is not how the NHS should be run and we have to do something." Like close down some more casualty departments? Birmingham has already lost three (the **Accident**, **General** and **Solihull hospitals**), with emergencies now expected to go to the new £10 million casualty department at **Selly Oak hospital**. Unfortunately many aren't, preferring to use the city's oldest casualty department at **City hospital**.

The number of patients treated there has doubled over the last two years and is twice what was predicted, with 325 seen on one day alone. No extra resources have been provided to cope with the influx, although a new casualty department is being built. It is currently a year behind schedule.

Elsewhere the children's ward at Birmingham's Solihull hospital which was closed "temporarily" in July will not now reopen. Merger plans with **Heartlands hospital** were rubber stamped by health minister Gerald Malone at a health authority meeting on 11 November. As Mr Malone admitted: "Solihull hospital never stood a chance. Many of the continuing problems we have are the result of historical decisions which took far too long to be put into place and many of the investments were redundant before they were up and running." A mere £35 million wasted.

● THE only part of the NHS that does appear to have adequate funding is the propaganda department. GPs and consultants across the country are continually bombarded with DoH missives such as *The Patient's Charter and You*, *Patients Charter News*, *Citizens Charter News* and plain old *Charter News*. Most reach the bin unopened, especially in **Staffordshire** where GPs are particularly well served. The county has its own *Draft Community Care Charter* and sends out videos such as *In Sickness and in Health* — "which illustrates in a humorous yet informative way the rights and standards that the Patient's Charter lays down and shows how these standards are measured and published in the Health service Performance Tables. The video is available in English and Urdu and is supplied free of charge with [guess what] a booklet giving background information."

Copies are available from Jim Barlow, director of quality at **Staffordshire family health services authority**. Jim fails to mention how many hip replacements could be bought for the cost of this mindless yet expensively- produced guff.

● AT THE high-tech **Kettering General hospital** in **Northants**, nurses used a rolled-up magazine to splint the broken wrist of 67-year-old Gerald Shipton. It stayed there for 48 hours (46 hours more than the patient's charter maximum) until staff found the time to plaster the arm. As chief executive David Loasby said: "A magazine is a perfectly acceptable way of stabilising an injury on a temporary basis. It should not have been left there for two days."

● LABOUR politicians are full of righteous indignation when NHS trusts with Tory chairmen cut or privatise services. So they are bound to pounce on **Leeds Community and Mental Health Services Trust**, which is contracting out its entire non-clinical services with the loss of up to 1,000 jobs. Then again, perhaps not. Chairman of the trust is Bill Kilgallon, a senior Labour councillor. Safer in their hands? We'll see.

THOUGHTS FOR THE DAY

● TWO in three nurses have considered leaving the NHS in the last 12 months, a Gallup poll has revealed. This is 14 percent more than in 1993. Sisters and charge nurses are particularly pissed off.

● 20 NHS trust directors earned more than £100,000 last year, a tenfold rise on the previous year. Tim Mathews at **London's UMDS** came top at £111,000. The best severance pay went to John OBrien, whose early retirement cost **Cheviot and Wansbeck NHS trust** just £524,000. The trust is now £2 million in the red.

● AT a stroke the number of managers in the NHS is set to plummet as those who share a clinical qualification are reclassified by the department of health as doctors, nurses, physiotherapists, etc. They will of course spend exactly the same time on administration.

M.D.

DOWN ON THE FARM

SHOCK waves are still reverberating through the meat industry after Granada TV's *World In Action* on BSE, which revealed that for every BSE cow intercepted by Maffia vets another two get into the human food chain.

Even the normally lethargic meat and livestock commission (MLC), the meat marketing quango, has been stirred into action. It is rushing out thousands of leaflets to butchers and anyone else who will take them to assure worried beefeaters they are not at risk. *Honest,* guv.

Within the trade, however, much comment has been directed at the performance of the Maffia's chief vet, the egregious Keith "Victor" Meldrum. Viewers can be forgiven for thinking they were watching the real thing — the irascible hero of the David Nobbs sitcom — when Mr Meldrum put one foot in his mouth and lost his rag at being asked a few simple questions when he had even been given advance notice of the agenda.

With the public relations skill and flair for which the Maffia is famous, "Victor" has now solved the problem of how to appear more plausible and benign on telly. He is refusing to give any more interviews.

EXERCISING its skill and flair elsewhere, the Maffia has been helping Cheshire trading standards officers prosecute veterinary surgeon Norman Henry.

He was in the dock recently for allowing over-age calves to be exported to Holland for the veal trade. This is contrary to EC rules which prohibit the live export of animals older than six months. Having already seen the exporters — Cestrian Calves, owned by Messrs D&M Faulkner — successfully convicted and ordered to pay fines and costs amounting to £10,000, the trading standards officers, with the backing of the Maffia, were quietly confident of securing a conviction against Faulkners' alleged professional accomplice, Norman Henry.

But under the skilled probing of Richard Price, QC for Mr Henry, it emerged that the leading witness, one of "Victor's" veterinary shock troops by the name of John Walker, had been a touch economical with the actualité. As divisional veterinary officer for the Maffia, it turned out that Walker had told Norman Henry that — on the basis of certificates supplied by his own office — the consignment of calves had complied with the requirements of the directive. Furthermore, in a phone conversation with Norman Henry Walker had expressed his satisfaction with procedures.

Walker somehow managed to forget to acquaint his own prosecutor of his satisfaction, and curiously omitted this detail from his written sworn statement. A visibly angry Cheshire prosecutor thus had no option but to withdraw his case, with Norman Henry being found not guilty and awarded costs out of central funds.

TAKING time off from persecuting innocent vets; the Maffia has been giving evidence to the European communities committee on the common agricultural policy (CAP), details of which have just emerged.

According to the Maffia, the government's overall view of the CAP is "clear and well known". Among the gems it offers is that it considers the huge cost of the policy to taxpayers and consumers far outweighs any benefit to them in terms of security of supply or stable prices. Furthermore, it reveals that high product prices increase the scope for modern agriculture to cause environmental damage. As to the subsidies which it so willingly dispenses to the barley barons, it calmly states that these are "a major misallocation of resources" which damages the economy as a whole.

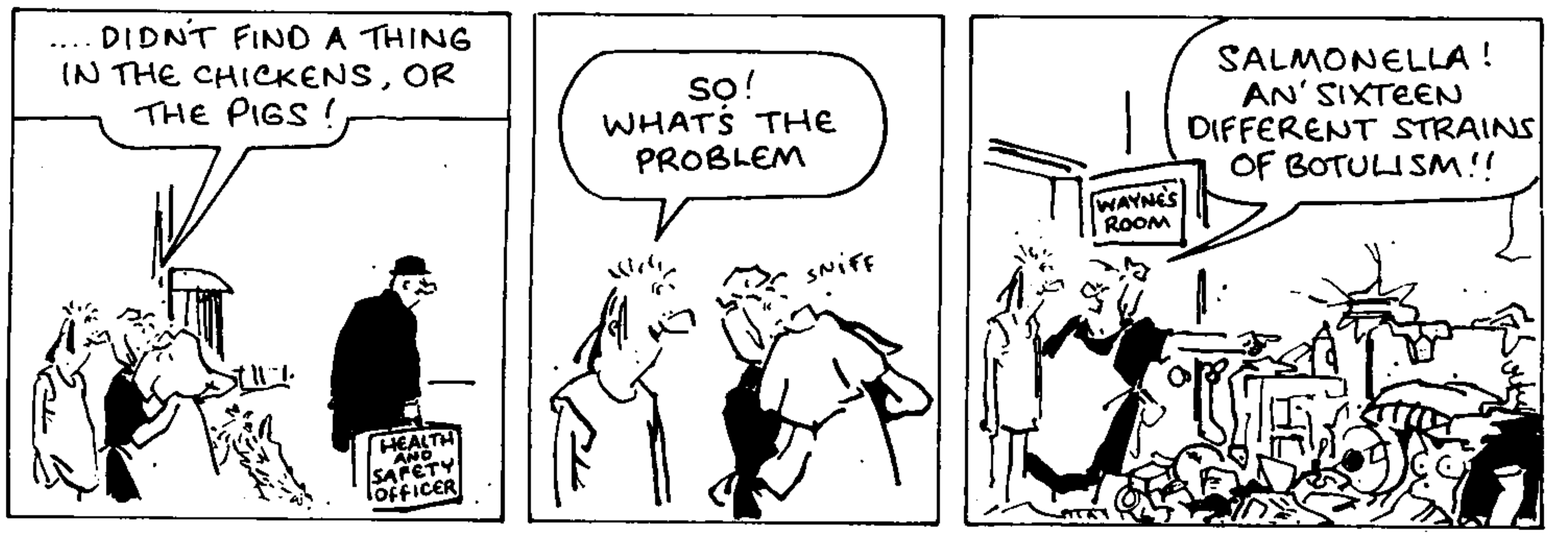
This is why it paid £1.119 billion in arable area payments in 1994, of which between £50-75,000 was paid to 2,207 farmers — with the largest number of beneficiaries in Lincolnshire (230), followed by Essex (156). To avoid upsetting the peasants the Maffia has discretely drawn a veil over the number of farmers receiving more than £1 million, citing "reasons of confidentiality".

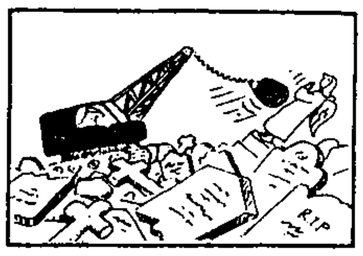
Why the government remains part of this lunacy is also "clear and well known". Other EU governments appear "strongly attached to the CAP in its present form". So now we know.

'New Muckspreader'

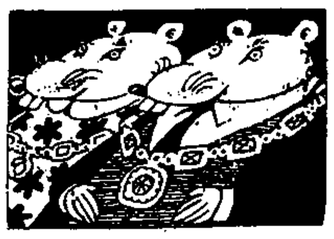
Old Macdonald

ALBERT


....DIDN'T FIND A THING IN THE CHICKENS, OR THE PIGS!
HEALTH AND SAFETY OFFICER
SO! WHAT'S THE PROBLEM
SNIFF
SALMONELLA! AN' SIXTEEN DIFFERENT STRAINS OF BOTULISM!!
WAYNE'S ROOM



Rotten Borough Advertiser



HATTERS HAVE A MAD TEA PARTY

IF government promises ever came true, Birmingham's appalling Castle Vale housing estate would be on the way to becoming halfway fit for humans. Instead many of the millions spent there have flowed straight out again into the strangest pockets.

Take Richard Temple-Cox, for example, the prominent Birmingham architect appointed by the government to chair the Castle Vale Housing Action Trust (HAT), formed in 1992. His three days a week working for the HAT bring in more than £35,000 plus expenses.

Then there's Ken Barton, ex-deputy leader of Birmingham city council's Labour group, who quit politics in 1992 claiming it had become too bitter. In fact he was facing deselection and was given the HAT sinecure by then council leader Sir "Dick" Knowles. Barton picks up £10,000 a year for one day a week. Meanwhile his former council colleague, ex-housing chairman Stan Austin, gets more than £5,300 for occasional afternoons, as do another nine board members.

Collectively they took £97,984 of HAT funds last year — almost enough to build one of the day care centres for the elderly which have long been promised but have never appeared. It might also be enough to save some of the estate's few green spaces which Barton and Austin are trying to have sold to private developers.

But back to Mr Temple-Cox, a major part of whose job is to evaluate those bidding for the contracts to refurbish Castle Vale's hideously decaying flats and houses, and to recommend the companies he believes should get the jobs to the HAT board.

Outside the HAT, Temple-Cox is an ambitious man who has long wanted to move up the ranks of the Royal Institute of British Architects, starting by becoming the West Midlands representative on its ruling council, for which he needs to be nominated by RIBA members. Coincidentally two of the companies he recommended for the contracts, R.C. MacCormac and R.P. Hackney, were among the first to nominate him as their RIBA councillor.

RED FACE OF THE WEEK

TORIES in Spelthorne, Surrey, are in a pickle after Basil Miles, a scoutmaster and party member, resigned as leader of the council, citing "severe depression" following his arrest for alleged gross indecency, along with a vicar and ex-policeman, in a public lavatory. Knacker spent five hours peeking through peepholes, and Miles faces charges this month. Locals want to know why he is still a councillor. Could it be because the council has a Tory majority of two and a by-election could mean trouble?

RED FAECE OF THE WEEK

THERE have been sympathetic bowel movements since *Eye* 884 reported the theft from Lambeth housing HQ of microchips and the leaving of human shit in the office of housing director Jane Pannell. The crime has been replicated on Pannell's previous patch in Calderdale at Northgate House, the housing HQ in Halifax. As in Lambeth thieves only stole chips from the 486s. They then smeared human shit on the PCs that were too old to be of interest..

WELCOME TO THE VELODROME

MANCHESTER is already cocking up preparations for the 2002 Commonwealth games: the cycling stadium is too small to host the cycling for which it was built.

Indeed, the venue is now beset by a catalogue of complaints:

- Three major events have recently been cancelled at the last minute. Poor ticket sales and a leaky roof which marked the track were blamed.
- The stadium refuses to produce publicity for its non-events.
- There has been much whining that none of the bars or caffs allows spectators to get pissed or stuff their faces with cheese-and-onion pies while watching the action.
- Councillors promise that sporting events will not leave locals with huge bills — but they know that to recoup costs the stadium must stage world class events.
- The British Cycling Federation refuses to take over running the stadium while things are in such disarray.

COME IN NUMBER 12, YOUR TIME IS UP

YET another senior Tory in gerrymandering Westminster could be in trouble with a professional body.

It has just emerged that planning chairman Robert Davis may have been a bit naughty in not declaring his interest when acting as solicitor to the Number 12 Club, formerly the Tudor club, in Denham Street in the West End.

The lively nightime establishment applied for a number of late night licences between 1991 and 1994. Documents show that in May 1991 Davis contacted licensing sub-committee chairman John Bull to discuss the club's application; that he wrote to planning director Syd Sporle 18 months later on behalf of the club; and that he phoned another councillor to pursue the club's case in the hope of by-passing a lot of tedious form-filling.

Davis denies breaking Association of Metropolitan Authorities' rules about solicitors who are also planning chairmen having nothing to do with clients' applications. But this is not the first time the obscure Mr Davis has attracted attention.

During the district auditor's five-year "homes for votes" inquiry, a fascinating report written by the councillor was unearthed. In it Davis suggested that the council "enforce planning laws in our target wards ensuring the right type of homes are provided with the right sort of voters". When asked to elaborate, Davis couldn't. What on earth could he have meant?

Meanwhile controversy continues to dog Westminster's deputy mayor Martin Jiggens, who was recently suspended by the Royal Institute of Chartered Surveyors from practising for six months for professional misconduct.

Jiggens has been giving planning advice to a council-funded charity, the Beauchamp Lodge. Normally, of course, councillors help constituents and local bodies for free in keeping with their role as public servants. But not Jiggens. He has billed the charity £20,000 for his services.

IN BRIEF

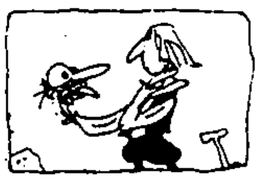
PRESTON: Taxpayers are agog at the council's support for a drive towards "openness" and "freedom of information" in local government. This is the council whose leader Val "Olive Oyl" Wise suspended the chief executive without telling anyone why, and who told hacks she was "sorry" it had to be discussed in public "as it was a confidential matter under the 1972 local government act". And on the day the council passed its "openness" motion press and public were excluded from a meeting discussing the town hall's political leadership.

GLASGOW: Come on down Robert Mackay, Scottish National party member for Bellahouston, who has attended 11 council meetings in the last two years. Pressed by the tiny Tory group, the Labour-run council's chief executive Tom Monaghan said Mackay had drawn his "member's allowances" in full — by *Rotten Borough Advertiser* calculations, £10,700. When not at the council Bob works at a Consumer Advice Bureau advising Glaswegians, no doubt, how to obtain value for money from public bodies.

WIGAN: The cash-strapped council has found a novel way to cure its financial ills: giving a £2,500 loyalty bonus to its departmental boss. Council staff are of course delighted having seen their own pay rise restricted to 1.8 per cent because of the Whitehall squeeze. The council justified the bonuses for some saying if they lost the staff it would cost more than £10,000 in advertising and administration costs to find replacements.

HARINGEY: The London borough gained a new multi-millionaire in November, Mrs E.S. Gale, thanks to the Labour council's shambolic finance department. It paid her Haringey's entire rent receipts for October, £5 million, when an accounts person mistakenly keyed her name, and not Haringey's, into the computer. Sadly Mrs Gale didn't find out about her windfall until it was too late.

LUVVIES



When did you last cry?

When I went to the Cannes film festival I was moved by the respect and awe people had for *Pulp Fiction* and for my performance. During an interview I said: "Will you excuse me, please?" Then I went behind a partition and let out a few tears. I was so overwhelmed.

JOHN TRAVOLTA
'Take a Break' magazine.

Submitted by Stephen Gardner.

An occasional column devoted to gems from the acting profession. £10 paid for entries.

Out now — **"Son of Yobs"** — the book. £3.99

Letters

Shell shock

Sir,

EYE *885 quoted from my report on the trials of Ken Saro-Wiwa and others, "Fundamental Rights Denied". I was said to have been "continuously shocked by the evidence of Shell's involvement" in the proceedings. I hold no brief for Shell. But I must say that I have never held or expressed any such view.*

As you correctly reported two prosecution witnesses, Charles Danwi and Nayone Ankpa, swore affidavits claiming that they and a number of other witnesses had been bribed by some of Saro-Wiwa's opponents to give false evidence. Each man claimed that he had been offered 30,000 Naira, a job with Gokana local government and contracts with Ompadec (Oil Minerals Producing Areas Development Commission) and Shell. Danwi went further. He said that a representative of Shell had "agreed" to the bribery. Neither Danwi nor Ankpa gave evidence. How credible they would have been is anyone's guess: on their own account they had been prepared to fabricate evidence in a capital case. Whilst in Nigeria I was shown copies of what appeared to be letters to both men from the Gokana local government offering them jobs. This was consistent with someone having bribed them. But there was no document or any other evidence to confirm Shell's involvement in the trials.

My concern in reporting all this was very simple. The tribunal trying the case had seen Danwi's affidavit. Yet it convicted and sentenced to death nine people without ever attempting to investigate his allegation that most of the principal witnesses for the prosecution had either taken or received bribes and had conspired to commit perjury.

Yours sincerely,
MICHAEL BIRNBAUM QC,
London EC4.

Mistaken identity

Sir,

Re: In the City, 17 November 1995. Your article by Slicker on Asil Nadir is wrong in its reference to me.

I have not been recruited by Asil Nadir for the purpose which the writer suggests, nor have I any other current or projected business connection with Mr Nadir.

Please will you ensure that PRIVATE EYE *makes neither repetition nor future mistake on this subject.*

Yours faithfully,
MARK ELLIS,
London SW13.

Express wishes

Sir,

The sadness that I felt when I heard of the decline of the once great Express Newspaper Group turned to amazement when I read an article in this weekend's financial press about the white knight riding to their rescue.

The story said he had access to a large amount of money to purchase the titles, but I believe that the last time I saw a picture of him in your organ he couldn't even afford a shirt and was forced to huddle with another unfortunate in order to keep warm. Perhaps you could reprint the picture so that the owners of the Express can be made aware of his true situation?

Yours sincerely,
DAVID LAMKIN,
Great Shelford, Cambridge.

Lines of enquiry

Sir,

As British Rail's Southern Region disappeared five years ago, it's a bit unrealistic to suggest (EYE *884) that a memo the then general manager wrote about the Uckfield line represents railway policy today.*

Railtrack South, which is now responsible for the line, is far from being "hell bent on destroying" it, as you suggest. In fact we are currently investing £1.5 million on a project to install a cab secure radio system, the main recommendation from the railway inspector's report into last year's Cowden collision.

The scheme will cover both the Uckfield and East Grinstead lines using 15 base stations. The aerial masts have been erected and the system software has been factory tested by the contractor. We are currently testing the equipment in preparation for commissioning in December.

The formal handover to Network SouthCentral is expected in January. At this point Network SouthCentral may take the opportunity to review their train service requirements on the Uckfield line.

Yours faithfully,
PETER DRING,
Public Affairs Manager, Railtrack.

Breakdown in communications

Sir,

I was interested to read Dr B. Ching's revelation (EYE *885) that Railtrack has cut the number of its cranes and breakdown trains from 13 to five. Maybe this explains why one of the breakdown trains attending the recent Paddington derailment carried the name of Cardiff Canton Depot, 145 miles away. And maybe that in turn explains why derailed carriages were still blocking the tracks and causing chaos the following day.*

Yours faithfully,
G.R. LARKBEY,
London N6.

Out of control

Sir,

I read with interest your ROTTEN BOROUGH ADVERTISER: IN BRIEF *item on Ashford in* EYE *885. Unfortunately the Tories lost control of Ashford in the May elections and the council is now run by an unholy Lab/Lib Dem alliance, or as the very appropriate official parlance goes, "no overall control". I can recall no occasion in recent memory when Ashford borough council featured in the pages of your august journal, yet no sooner have the Tories moved out than Ashford becomes in your words a "rotten borough". Are these two events by some chance related? We should be told.*

Yours sincerely,
RICHARD TWYMAN,
London SW1.

Lookalike

Diana

Portia

Sir,

Am I the only one to have noticed the uncanny resemblance between our own beloved Princess of Wales and Shakespeare's Portia, as painted by Sir John Everett Millais? As I recall it was Diana who believed so fervently in the "quality of mercy" which is "enthroned in the hearts of kings". Are they by any chance related?

Yours,
ENA B. BASHIR,
London W12.

Mixed blessing

Sir,

Anxious as I am to curry favour with my new boss, Max Hastings, my son is actually named after Saint Maximillian Kolbe, the Polish Franciscan priest who was murdered by the Nazis for coming to the aid of Jewish refugees during World War II. This, since you ask, is in honour of his mixed Jewish-Catholic ancestry.

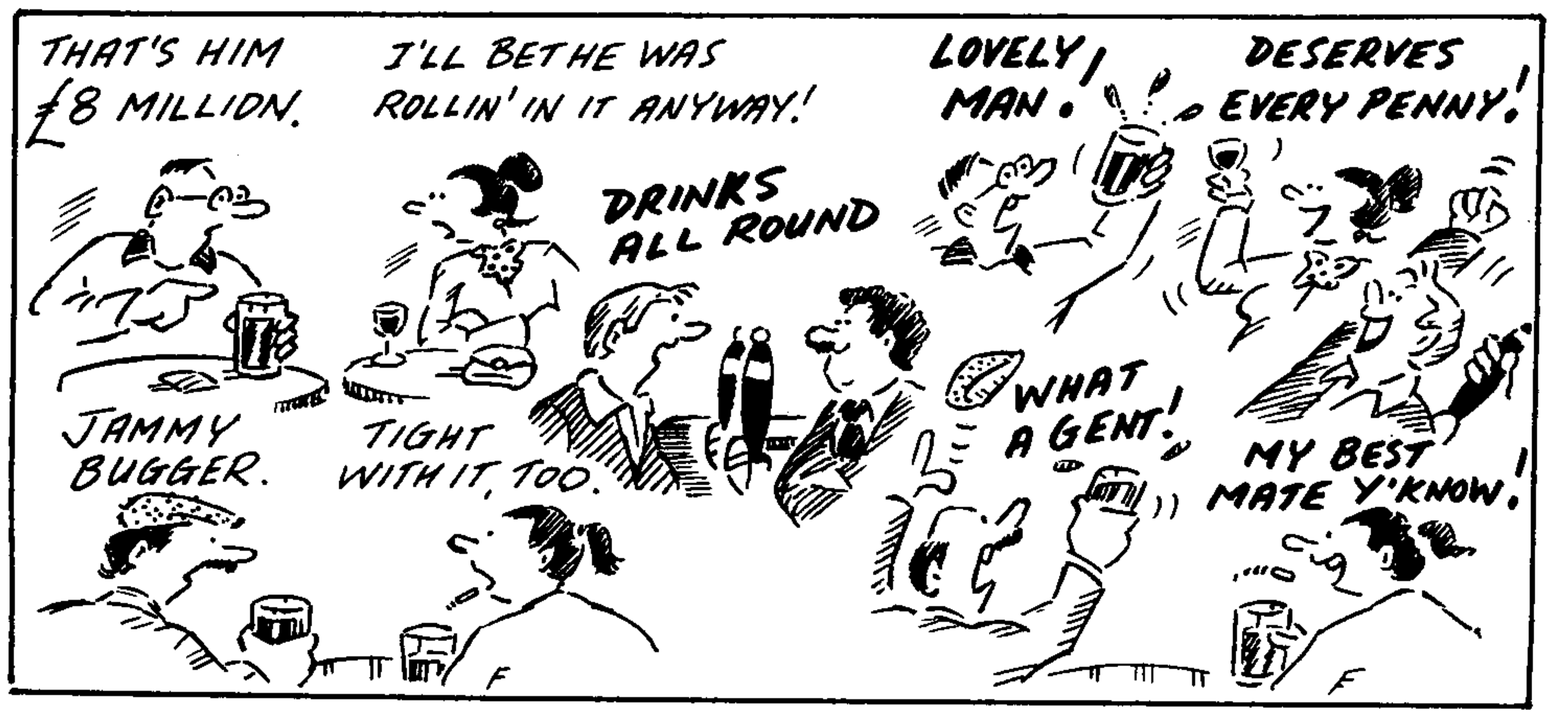
Yours faithfully,
MARK HONIGSBAUM,
Evening Standard.

Not only did Bishop Casey father a son to an Amercian woman, he took over £IR70,000 out of diocesan funds to pay for the lad's upkeep. Casey left Ireland and took up a missionary position abroad

The Scotsman

The Lottery Winners

TURNER



I-SPY *Wells Fargo Bank, Montecito, California*

Submitted by P. Smith. £10 paid for similar submissions. *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

Spirit messenger

Sir,

As innumerable get-a-life scholars and pathetic fanatics have no doubt been rushing to point out, "Letter from Israel from Our Own Correspondent" (EYE 885) is wrong in at least one respect: the Ten Commandments **do** *mention the Land of Israel, albeit obliquely and in passing. Both versions of the decalogue have it in the Fifth Commandment: "Honour your father and your mother, so that you may live long in the land YHWH your God is giving you" (Exodus 20:12); and, "Honour your father and your mother, as YHWH your God has commanded you, so that you may live long and that it may go well with you in the land YWHW your God is giving you." (Deuteronomy 5:16).*

The fact that Yigal Amir showed the ultimate disrespect to his nation's "father" doesn't seem to bother the territorial zealot, but it would if he took the Bible seriously and as a whole.

Yours faithfully,
OLLIE HARRISON,
Bramcote, Nottingham.

"Take five pounds..."

Sir,

Your observations on DELIA SMITH'S WINTER COLLECTION *(EYE 885) contained at least two inaccuracies. The "half a million copies sold in the first week", widely parroted by the press, was in fact the number of copies which BBC Books sold* **into** *bookshops, not the number sold over the counter. In fact the book sold around 60,000 copies in its first week, and had clocked up over 350,000 by 12 November.*

Secondly, although it is correct that BBC Books has refused to increase its discounts to booksellers, this has not as you claimed prevented booksellers from discounting to the public. Indeed that indicates a rather woolly grasp of the book business on the part of your writer. Contrary to his/her assertion that only supermarkets have been discounting it and that booksellers "still have to list it at the full price", all the major bookshop chains have discounted the title by four or five pounds.

All the best,
STEVE BUTLER,
Leighton Buzzard, Bedfordshire.

Red face

Sir,

Prophets are unrecognised in their own country; the targets of satire fail to see the point. Now it seems that satirists do not recognise fellow satirists when they come across clever irony.

The inclusion of Edward Ashley's obviously piss-taking letter to the HEALTH SERVICE JOURNAL *in your Birtspeak section seems to be a tribute to* **his** *success as a satirist rather than yours.*

Aren't you ashamed?

Yours,
TONY PURCELL,
Chelmsford, Essex.

Point taken

Sir,

In EYE *884 you once more credit Kelvin Mackenzie as being the inventor of "Topless Darts". In fact, the creator of this exciting programme concept was the late, great Peter Cook — it features in the "Racing" track of the 1978 Derek & Clive LP* AD NAUSEAM.

I trust the appropriate royalties will be paid to the Cook estate.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN WOLSTENHOLME,
Sheffield.

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"We [England] haven't been scoring goals, but football's not just about scoring goals. It's about winning."
ALAN SHEARER, Radio 5 Live
(M. Davies)

"His goal famine was like manna from heaven."
KEVIN KEEGAN, Radio 5 Live
(Irene Powell)

"South Africa scored one try just before the break, and one just after the break, effectively finishing the game off, but, in between, England played some great rugby."
ROB ANDREW, BBC1
(Ben Rowland)

"The lad got over-excited when he saw the whites of the goalpost's eyes."
STEVE COPPELL, Radio 5 Live
(Martin Kenny)

Man: *You see this house? I've lived here for 80 years, I was born in this house. I'm the oldest person in this street.*
Richard Orford: *How old are you then?*
Man: *Er, I'm 80.*
The Big Breakfast, Channel 4
(Dick Marjanovic)

HOM SAP

AUSTIN

OUR IDEALS ARE THE SAME AS THE IDEALS OF ORDINARY PEOPLE.
OPINION POLL
NEW SPARTACUS PARTY
WHAT ARE THEY, THEN?
NEW SPARTACUS PARTY
I DON'T KNOW. I HAVEN'T READ IT YET.
OPINION POLL
NEW SPARTACUS PARTY

Letter from **Dayton, Ohio**

from Our Own Correspondent

FOR two years the Americans have acted snootily about the Lord Owen-style carve up of Bosnia which betrayed the ideal of a multi-ethnic democratic statement.

Now, to win a presidential election, the White House has forced the Bosnians to accept what is in some ways a worse deal, at the same time demonstrating with the Nato air strikes that the west could have stopped the war three years — and untold thousands of dead Bosnians — ago, if it had wanted to.

To get this far the US had put up a facade of heavy punishment of the Serbs with whom, in fact, it had already come to a deal in private back channel talks in Moscow. For crucial weeks the CIA seems to have overlooked crucial evidence of mass murders in the newly-conquered Srebrenica. So the attacks did not hit any of the artillery that was the Serbs' main advantage over the Bosnians.

Under US direction Nato allowed the Serbs to defy the no-fly zone by using fighters to keep Banja Luka as a place safe for ethnic cleansing. And in the end the talk was of using Nato strikes against the Bosnians if they dared try to reconquer any of the territory that had been stolen from them and ethnically cleansed.

In Dayton the Americans forced the Bosnians and Croats to hand back some of the territory they had recently liberated to preserve the 49 percent originally promised to the Serbs before the latest round of massacres and military defeats. In fact the agreement begins as it intends to carry on.

In the opening section the parties pledge to support the international war crimes tribunal. Well, up to a point. One signatory, Croatia's Franjo Tudjman, has just promoted an indicted war criminal, while another, Serbia's Slobodan Milosevic, has refused to take action against the Srebrenica Slaughterers, Radovan Karadzic and Ratko Mladic.

Many observers expect that the tribunal prosecutor, Judge Richard Goldstone, one of the few heroes the international community has had over Bosnia, will soon have the evidence linking Milosevic himself to the crimes committed during the war he undoubtedly started. No wonder Goldstone complains that the Americans are withholding vital evidence. The whole sham is based on the Serbian war lord being a good guy — as witnessed by his taste for large scotches and leaning on pianos to sing *Tenderly*. And Hitler used to love dogs and children, too.

The only consolation is that President Bill Clinton is as pragmatically stupid as he is unprincipled. The whole deal began so that he would not have to have GIs covering the hot evacuation of the UN protection force during an election year. Now he will have 20,000 troops embroiled on the ground when the agreement starts breaking down, smack in the middle of election year. That may not happen, of course. It is just possible the Serbs will keep their word. But that would be a real first!

FUNNY OLD WORLD

● "This act was typical of my father," Ismet Ayyildiz told reporters who had gathered outside the Uzunkopru district hospital, where Ismail Ayyildiz had just been pronounced dead. "He was a stubborn and ignorant man who knew nothing about medical science, and he always refused to seek professional help."

Ismet then explained how his father, a Turkish farmer from the western province of Edirne, had come to kill himself. "He was celebrating the total eradication of crop rot from a problem field, and had been drinking all day with friends. He kept complaining about toothache. They all told him to shut up

and pay for a visit to the dentist, but he said he'd save the money and cure himself for nothing, by shooting out the aching tooth with his handgun. His friends tried to persuade him not to, but he said he'd done it before, and suddenly produced the gun and stuck the barrel against the tooth. As the entire bar sung our glorious national anthem, my father shouted out 'I am all man. And I am thrifty. It will save on toothpaste after all,' and pulled the trigger. The bullet went in his mouth, out through the top of his head, and he was pronounced dead on arrival at the hospital. It's not been a happy time for me. I've just had a very big cleaning bill from the bar." *(Jordan Times 12/9/95. Spotter — Peter Weedon)*

—●—

● *"When passenger of foot heave ion sight tootle the horn. Trumpet him melodiously at first, but if he still obstacles your passage, then tootle him with vigour. Tootle him long. Do not tootle him bursts of shortness. This will cause him gripe water and flashing."* (Japanese Car Rental leaflet. Spotter — Anon)

—●—

● "Thank God that I am still alive after all these accidents," Muhammad Areeshi told reporters in Jeddah after he had been dragged unharmed from the ruins of his twenty-fifth serious road crash. "In truth, I am surprised to have survived so long. I praise Allah for his generosity in keeping me alive. He is great."

Areeshi, who has been driving in and around the city of Jizan for the past two years, has so far spent a total of SR236,000 on 22 cars, all of which he has subsequently wrecked. "My friends are afraid to travel with me, because I have accidents so frequently. But they are wrong to be nervous because it is always the people in the other cars who die or are injured, never me. I now wear a permanent neck brace, so naturally it is difficult turning corners as I can only see straight ahead, but I give hooter warnings. Most of my accidents occur along the Taif-Riyadh road. I've written off a 1977 model Jeep there, two Cressidas, a Land Rover, a Chevette, and a Hilux pickup. That accident killed all the cows I had on board, but I survived. And the cows were evil. Their nose

steam temporarily blinded me. I am in pain, however. I still have my sense of humour and, when people call me a reckless driver I laugh and tell them they are wrong, because I have already sold 22 wrecks to the Jizan scrapyard.

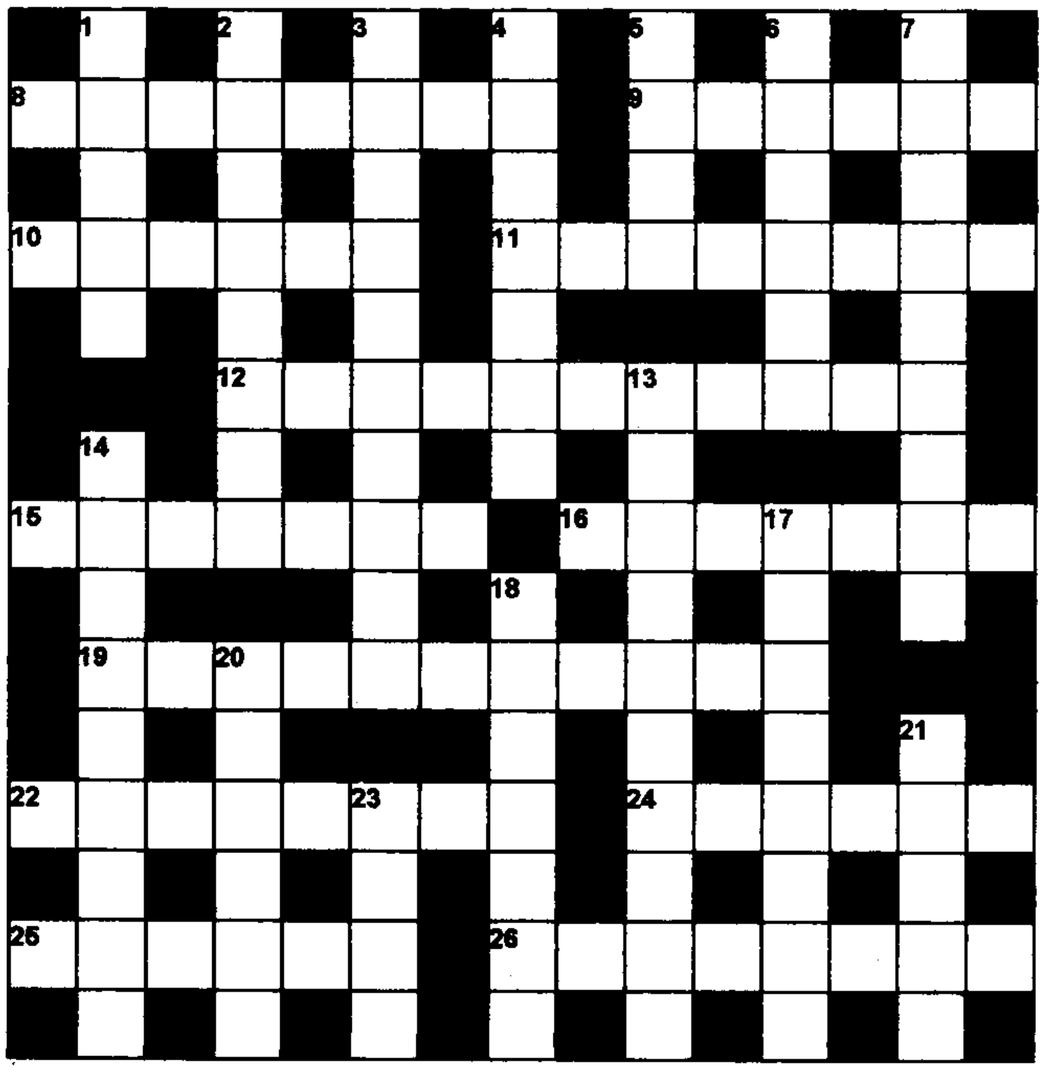
"No, I do not bother with insurance. I believe in fate and trust in Allah." *(Arab News, 10/10/95. Spotter — Brendan Lucey)*

COMPILED BY

Victor Lewis-Smith

EYE CROSSWORD 42 by Cyclops

£100 Winner TIM COOKSON



ACROSS

8 In South Africa, giving head — there's nowt wrong with it (4,4)
9 Tarrant having been de-hospitalized is a disaster (6)
10 Pussy on the lookout for pussy? (6)
11/19 Roy gave rotter Phil a screwing with energy — a privilege rarely exercised by Brenda! (3,5,11)
12 Leftie MP gets money earned by Sharon (11)
15 Republican stronghold gives John the edge (7)
16 Overpaid bosses liable to get caught in a flap? (3,4)
19 (see 11)
22 London airport gets new head and includes space for those waiting to be sent on their way (5,3)
24 You might stick one on nut possibly out to take piss (6)
25 Lech after this leader? No, other way round (6)
26 Foul curse — one gutless tory's refuge (8)

DOWN

1 The PM is hurt, holding the little woman (5)
2 A dozen different Labours survived by him! (8)
3 The city makes one vomit — Ed. (10)
4 Mo's direct... (7)
5 ...adolescent outbursts (4)
6 A performance with nothing to see, but he gets paid to do it (6)
7 It's a fag being a cancer risk (9)
13 Tory leader is immersed in something shocking with bearing on figures (10)
14 Sudden change of government is a blow to editor brought up on crap (4,5)
17 A home to Major is just a game (8)
18 Want change? Set about financial institution (7)
20 The tv talk show with teeth? (6)
21 Speaker took a risk on being ditched by Blair (5)
23 Back some future Archer (4)

£100 prize to first correct solution opened on 8.12.95. Entries to "Crossword", Private Eye, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG.

Solution to Crossword No. 41

ACROSS: 1 Surfing the Net 8 Slicker 9 Knees-up 11 Ovid 12 Rain forest 14 Origins 15 Soldier 17 Hostess 19 Carrier 20 Newsreader 22 Bang 24 Signing 25 Schmidt 26 United Nations.

DOWN: 2 Utilities 3 Fake 4 Normans 5 Takings 6 Eve Pollard 7 Ensue 8 Show of hands 10 Peter Wright 13 Mime artist 16 Imitation 18 Shagged 19 Chelsea 21 Wogan 23 Thai.

POWER-CRAZED SEX FIEND 'WAS VICAR' SHOCK

by Our Popular Music Correspondent **Tony Parson**

A DISCO organiser in Sheffield whose parties attracted thousands of young persons was today exposed as a practising clergyman, said a spokesman for the Rave Movement.

"We are numb with shock," he said. "We knew Chris only as a mad DJ who liked to grope young women at his danceathons. If we had had any idea that he was associated with anything like the Church of England we would have shown him the door."

Sects and Drugs

However, the Rev. Chris Braindead denied that he had ever gone the whole way with religion. "Sure, I flirted with it a bit, but believe me these bishops have exaggerated the whole thing. They were all in love with me because I had a congregation and they didn't but it never amounted to anything serious."

ON OTHER PAGES

Doctors warn "Say No to C of E, Kids! You don't know what's in it". 6

Parents speak out: "My normal teenage son took C of E and ended up banging a tambourine". 7

DI-NO CARD

I, the undersigned, wish to make it clear that in the event of any injury, mental breakdown, life-threatening disease or other such personal tragedy I do not wish under any circumstances to be visited by the Princess of Wales.

Signed: . . . . . .

NEW FROM GNOME

At last, with the new Di-No Card you are guaranteed 100% protection from the woman who wants to love you.

Simply put the Di-No card in your wallet or handbag and enjoy peace of mind. Whilst others in the ward have to listen to Mother Diana telling them to be as strong as her *you* can simply lie back and enjoy your hospital experience undisturbed! From the makers of the '80s marketing sensation, the Thatch-Card.

Send now for details: Gnome Di-No Card Offer, Unit 4, Winall Trading Estate, Toxteth.

Country Life Winter Issue

CAMILLA'S RIDING TIPS

1. Get your leg over
2. Away you go

That Irish Clinton Family Tree in full

20,000 BC

Fred Clintstone

Barney Rubble

Blarney Rubbish

Blarney Clintstone

Clinton O'Eastwood

Ronald O'Reagan

John F. Klinstone

Bill Potatostone

Mickey O'Rourke

Rolling O'Stone

Seamus O'Votewinner

Sharon Clintstone

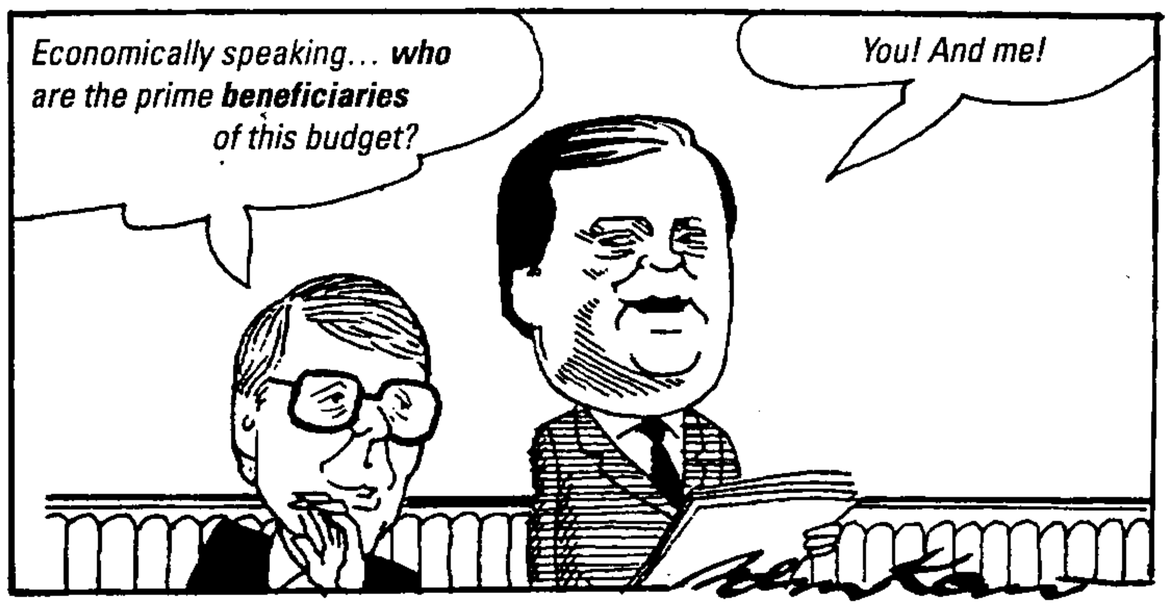
St Gerald of Adams

Oscar Fingal O'Flaherty Wills Clintstone,94th President of the United States of America.

1995

As authenticated by Burke's Peerage.
"Ancestors — we've gottem if you haven't."

DI SEEKS NEW ROLL



BLAIR'S GOUT PILLS.

GOUT, RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO AND RHEUMATIC GOUT

These invaluable Pills rapidly cure the most inveterate cases of the above diseases, even where the joints are crippled, enabling people to resume their business and walk as well as ever.

Sold by all Chemists at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

Railway News 1885

The Secret Diary of John Major aged 47¾

Monday

Today I have been invited to give a very historic speech at a place called the Mansion House. Everyone who is important will be there. So I have decided to explain once and for all just where I stand on Europe, ie we are in the fast lane but going slowly because there is a contraflow system in operation with a two-lane northbound restriction and oncoming traffic using the hard shoulder. This does not stop some people trying to overtake by driving much too fast, ie Mr Blair, who should, in my judgement, have his licence taken away before he wins the election, which of course he is not going to do. Oh no.

When my wife Norman and I arrived at the Mansion House I thought that perhaps Sir Robin Butler must have written down the wrong day in my Ryman's Executive Diary, because there was no one there, except a few waiters. One of them came up to us and said "She's on now, quick or you'll miss it" and ran off towards the kitchen where there was a lady with blonde hair on the television talking about the need for strong leadership. "I have no time for women with blonde hair going on television to talk about the need for strong leadership," I said. "I have more important things to do, ie make my very important speech." Which I then did. It was very well received by everyone present, ie Norman, especially the bit where I took a very firm line on the Single Currency, saying we will wait and see how things turn out.

Tuesday

I was very not inconsiderably annoyed this morning to see that my historic speech had been given no mention at all in any of the newspapers. Instead, all they seemed to be interested in is that woman on TV last night who turns out to be Princess Diana talking about her problems. It was a great relief to have a summons from the Palace where the Queen wanted to see me urgently, presumably to talk about my speech. "Did you see it?" were her opening words. "No, I was giving it, ma'am," I said, which is how you address the Queen when you speak to her. Her Majesty did not seem to hear me and continued shouting: "What on earth are we going to do with her? I suppose there is only one thing for it. We'll have to give her what she wants and make her an ambassador." "Whatever you say, ma'am," I replied, giving the benefit of all my experience as an elder statesman.

"I have written down a list of places where she could be ambassador on a full-time basis." She handed over a piece of paper on which was written: 1. Ulan Bator; 2. South Georgia; 3. Muroroa Atoll; 4. The Moon. "But surely," I said, thinking quickly on my feet and without the benefit of my Daily Telegraph Map of the World, "all those places are rather far away, and some of them are a bit dangerous?" "Good grief," said the Queen, "and we thought Diana was thick..."

This matter is obviously preying on Her Majesty's mind. "We all have relatives we are ashamed of who go on TV and make fools of themselves," I told her to reassure her.

Wednesday

My friend Mr Clinton rang up this morning in a state of great excitement, as I gathered when he shouted down the telephone "Yabba dabba doo!" "Yes, Mr President?" I enquired. "Great noos, John, yes sirree," he said. "I've sure sorted the Bosnonian problem. I've kicked ass and cracked heads together and it's peace in our time, baby, thanks to yours truly." "That is certainly good news," I told him. "And now it's your turn, John," he went on, "I've agreed to send in 13,000 of your British troops to keep my new peace." "But we haven't got 13,000 troops," I said. "Sure you have, Johnny," he said, "you're pulling them out of Ulster, thanks to my next peace process, when I make my friend Gerry Adams President of All-Ireland. Before I could reply that it wasn't that simple, Mr Clinton had rung off and there was only a tape of a saxophone playing.

Thursday

I am getting really in no small measure angry with Mr Blair. Today he announced that he would be cutting taxes. What a pathetic idea! He will do anything to win the election. At our Cabinet meeting this morning, everyone urged Mr Clarke to cut taxes at once, saying that it was the only way to win the election. "Oh no," I said, "we are not going to resort to cheap tricks like that. We should fight on my record." There was a long silence, and then Mr Clarke said that perhaps he would go for the cheap trick after all.

Friday

Dr Mawhinney came in to give me my list of appointments for the day. One of them was to ring up a Mr Bashir at the BBC to ask if he would interview me on Panorama to put my side of the story to the nation. When I rang up a very nice lady's voice said: "You are in a queue. Just hold the line," and then they played that very famous tune called The Four Seasons, which Norman plays on CD while we eat our supper. Eventually I was put through to a Miss Researcher who told me that I could not go on their programme, because they were already doing an in-depth documentary about my brother Terry. I hope he does not try to post a Christmas card to 10 Downing Street, otherwise I will have him arrested for treason. Oh yes.

Sunday

Today really is an incredibly historic day. It is five years to the day since I replaced Mrs Thatcher. I have decided to commemorate this event by buying a new book from Rymans in which to list all my achievements. So far I have put in:

- The Cones Hotline.
- The provision of more toilets on the motorways.
- The Citizen's Charter and associated Chartermarks.
- The award of a CBE to Cyril Washbrook, the famous England cricketer.
- Being on *Desert Island Discs* with Sue Lawley.
- Stopping Terry coming in to Number Ten to deliver his postcard.

I have now served longer than any British Prime Minister apart from Francis Urquhart. But as I explained to my wife Norman, he is not a real person.

"Does that exclude you, then?" she asked, once again failing to see the point. There are times in this job when you really feel like resigning. As I told the very nice man from the Daily Telegraph, there have been two occasions when I nearly packed the whole thing in.

"Third time lucky," Norman said.

Monday

In the middle of the night I suddenly thought of another achievement to put in my notebook. The Peace Process. Imagine my irritation when President Clinton rang me again.

"I've had a lot of hassle getting through to you, John. When I asked to speak to the Prime Minister they kept giving me some guy called Hesselstone."

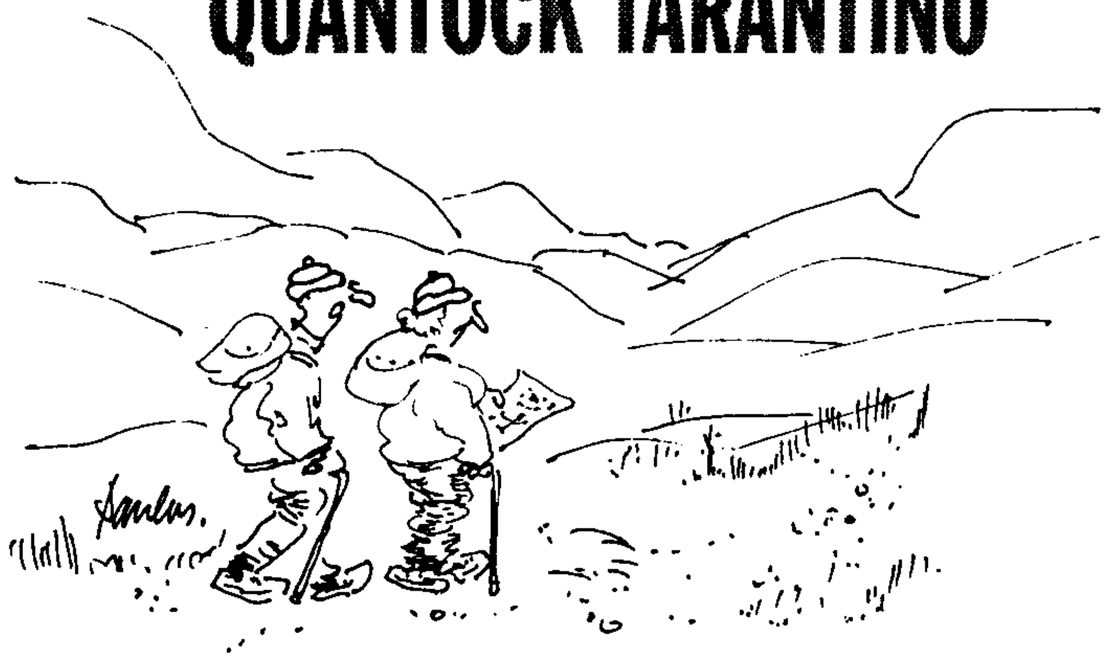
"What do you want?" I asked in my no-nonsense-four-o'clock-in-the-morning voice.

"I'm coming over to do the photo-shoot for my Irish peace process. I want you and Gerry Adams shaking hands with me in the middle. By Thursday. Gottit?"

Once again he rang off and left me listening to a song about when Irish eyes are smiling which ended with the words "Vote Democrat. Vote O'Clinton."

On sale now – **The 4th and Final Secret Diary of John Major. £4.99**

QUANTOCK TARANTINO



"Where the fucking fuck are we?"

TV HIGHLIGHTS

"Nolan's House of Commons Party" (BBC)

Join Nolan with his zany look at politics. Who is in the sleaze tank today? Who's going to get spattered? Who's going to be set-up by the Sunday Times Shit Squad? And who will Mr Lobby pick on to embarrass by giving them large amounts of money? Lobby! Lobby! Lobby!

Yes, it's all madcap childish fun with loveable old Noley down in Crinkley Fivers!

The Boretles Anthology (ITV)

Yes, they're back, the Fab Four: Ray Coleman, Maureen Cleave, Hunter Davies and the late Paul Johnson (preserved on an early recording of a 1963 episode of "Late Night Line Up").

Once again, the band that shook no one are bringing the Sixties back to life with a reworking of all their old hits, including:

- Paul's soulful lament, "Why oh why the Beatles are a menace to society."
- Maureen's standard classic, "Lennon reckons he's more famous than Buddha."
- Ray's dirgelike "I know more about the Beatles than anyone."
- And Hunter's "No you don't, I do."

Relive the Sixties in all its tedium with the incredible reformed Boretles, the group that once had the nation screaming for them to shut up.

Panorama: Inside the House of Horror (BBC)

Chilling exposé of the horrific goings on in the House of Windsor. Where are the bodies buried? Are there more skeletons in the closet? *(That's enough bad taste, Ed.)*

POETRY CORNER

In Memoriam The Today Newspaper (1986-1995)

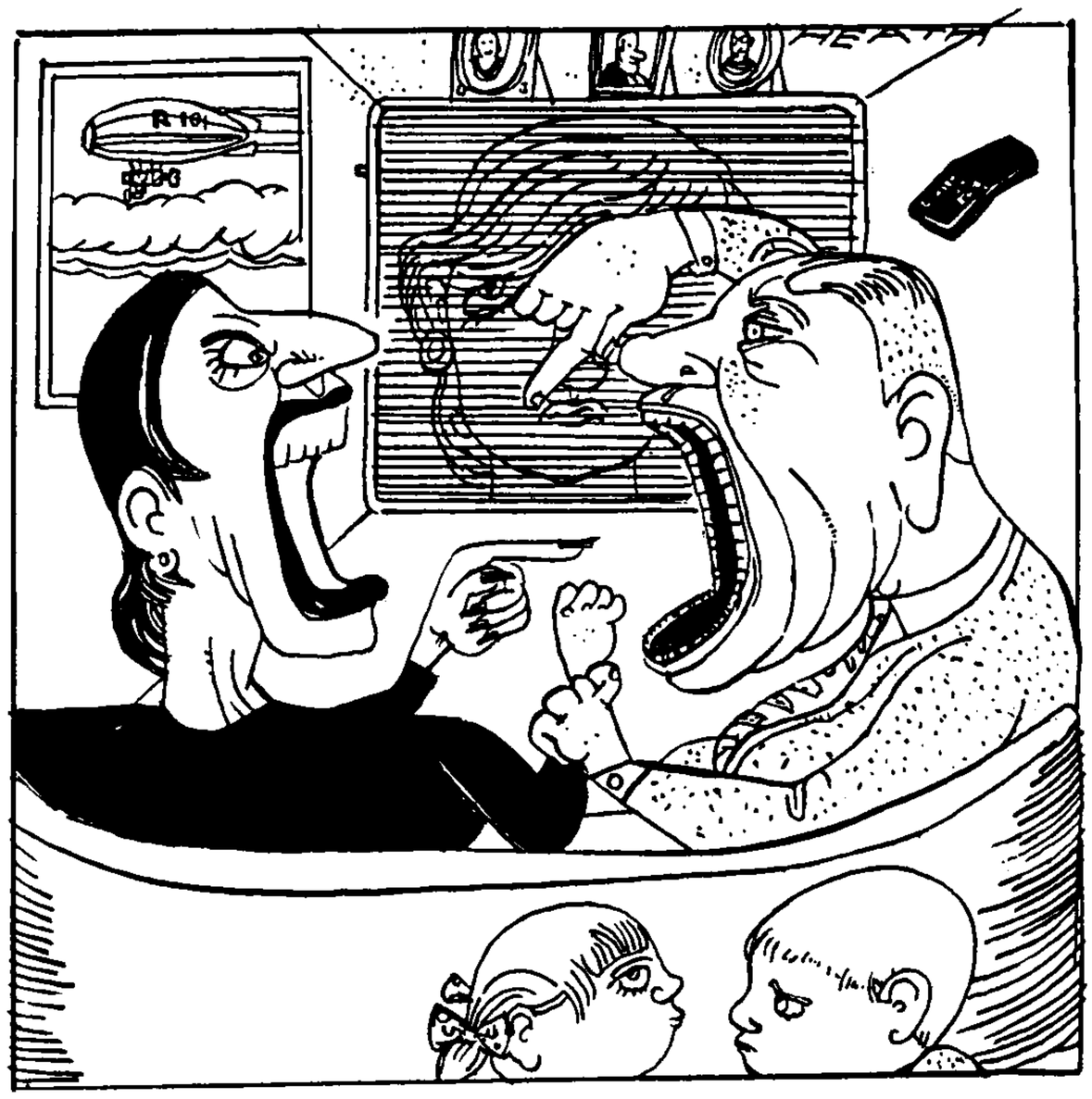
So. Farewell then
Today.

You were the newspaper of
Tomorrow.

But that was yesterday.
And now
Mr Murdoch has said:

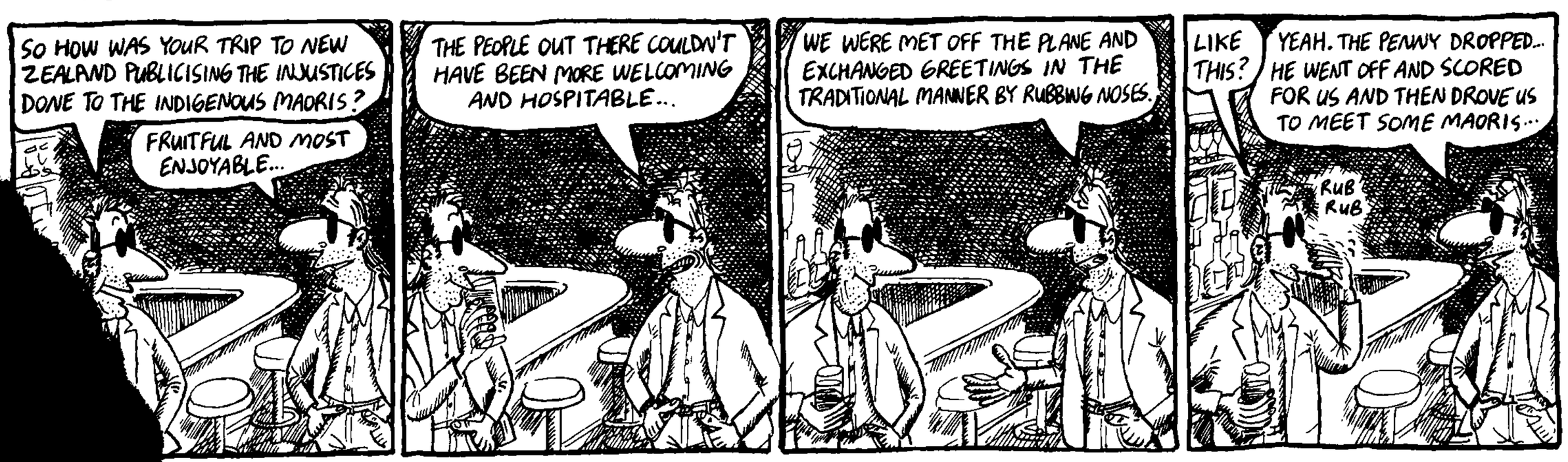
"Not Today, thank you."

E.J. Shah (17½)



Great Bores Of Today.

"...she's speaking for women everywhere I think she's fantastic... *I'd have her put away she's obviously out to lunch except that she wouldn't eat anything or she would and then she'd be sick ha ha ha*... that's typical of a man you're so callous you just don't understand what it's like she had no support mechanism at all she was giving out all the signals and she was being ignored... *rubbish she's reading from a script it's all been rehearsed look she's just a very clever actress*... how would you feel if you discovered that your partner was having an affair with someone else? no wonder she cut herself up it was a cry for help... *well what about her with that Hewitt man? she's no better she was up to it in the bedroom while the kiddies were asleep what sort of mother is that?*... that's you all over that is you were the same when I had the twins... *oh no not that old record again*... you're so insensitive... *oh shut up*... right I'm leaving I want a divorce... *not in front of the children please*..."


SO HOW WAS YOUR TRIP TO NEW ZEALAND PUBLICISING THE INJUSTICES DONE TO THE INDIGENOUS MAORIS?
FRUITFUL AND MOST ENJOYABLE...
THE PEOPLE OUT THERE COULDN'T HAVE BEEN MORE WELCOMING AND HOSPITABLE...
WE WERE MET OFF THE PLANE AND EXCHANGED GREETINGS IN THE TRADITIONAL MANNER BY RUBBING NOSES.
LIKE THIS?
YEAH. THE PENNY DROPPED.. HE WENT OFF AND SCORED FOR US AND THEN DROVE US TO MEET SOME MAORIS...
RUB RUB

YES, IT'S TURDMANIA '95!

by Our Pop Correspondent **Tony Parsnip**

IT WAS like the '60s all over again, as millions of screaming fans (Sid and Doris Hunter-Davies) queued all night outside the Virgin Megabuckstore in the heart of London's Piccadilly to buy the first new Turds single to be released in 30 years.

And they were not disappointed.

At 4.03 a.m. precisely the armed security van from Group Fab Four drew up outside the world-famous record shop, and Kalashnikov-carrying guards personally delivered the unique waxings into the hands of Assistant Night Manager Mr Ephraim Nargs.

When We Are Number 64 In The Charts

The extraordinary story began last year when the widow of the late great Spigismond Topes, Okay Yoni, discovered she needed more money *(shurely 'a historic tape hidden in a cupboard'? Ed)*.

The tape, recorded just before Spiggy's untimely death in 1980, was then sent to the three surviving members of the group, Sri Bhagwash Ramjam Vishnu (formerly Simon Lennox-Boyd), Hula-Hoop Cavendish-Bentinck (bass guitar) and the 14th Earl of Wheems (formerly Bingo Wasp, drums).

Under the guidance of world-famous arranger Sir Michael Tippett, the Turds turned the tape into what is already being described as "the Christmas song to end all Christmas songs".

The No. 1 hit disc is entitled "Free As A Turd" and the lyrics are as follows:

"Hullo. You have reached the home of Spiggy Topes. I'm sorry I cannot answer your call in person, because I am totally out of it, owing to some great stuff that Keith brought round. If you are a bird, feel free. Just come round. Hey, man, don't hog the spliff. Please leave your bleep after the message. Yeah, right. Rock 'n' roll."

© *The Estate of the late Mr Peter Cook*

Though he wasn't physically there, the others knew that John was with them in spirit

Turd Birthplace Bought For Nation

by Our Heritage Staff **Lord Stamp of Bankside**

THE National Trust has paid £12 million for 212b Stalegrass Crescent, Toxteth, the semi-detached former council house which is reputed to have been one of the childhood homes of the late Sir Spigismond "Spiggy" Topes, lead singer with the legendary 60s popular singing group, the Turds.

"The house is a veritable cornucopia of Turd memorabilia," said Lord Gowrie, who has authorised the use of National Lottery funds to purchase what is expected to become a Mecca for Turd-lovers from all over the world.

Ticket To Come In

The two-up, two-down council house, where in 1956 the Turds first discussed the possibility of obtaining some cannabis resin from the Jamaican lorry driver who lived at number 214 next door, is to be wholly refurbished in the late 1950s "coffee bar contemporary" style, under the guidance of Sir Roy Strange, the former director of the Victoria and Albert Museum.

What Visitors Will See

Hallway: a 1950s bakelite telephone on a low "Festival of Britain-style" table, also carrying a telephone directory of the same period. Miscellaneous doodles on the cover may be the work of the late S. Topes.

Lounge: G-Plan 3-piece suite in beige, showing extensive signs of wear, some springs visible. This room is believed to be where the Turds first recreated the songs of their musical idols, such as Bill Haley, Little Cliff Richard and Alma Cogan.

Upstairs: bedroom believed to have been slept in by Spiggy between 1955 and 1956. Traces of original flock wallpaper, with phone numbers of the time still visible, and fragment of Spanish bull-fighting poster, possibly purchased in late 1960s by Mrs Ethel Topes, aunt of the deceased, carrying the legend "El Topes".

'GOD IS FULL OF HOLES'

Top Scientist's Shock Claim

by Our Science Staff
Sir Conrad Blackhole

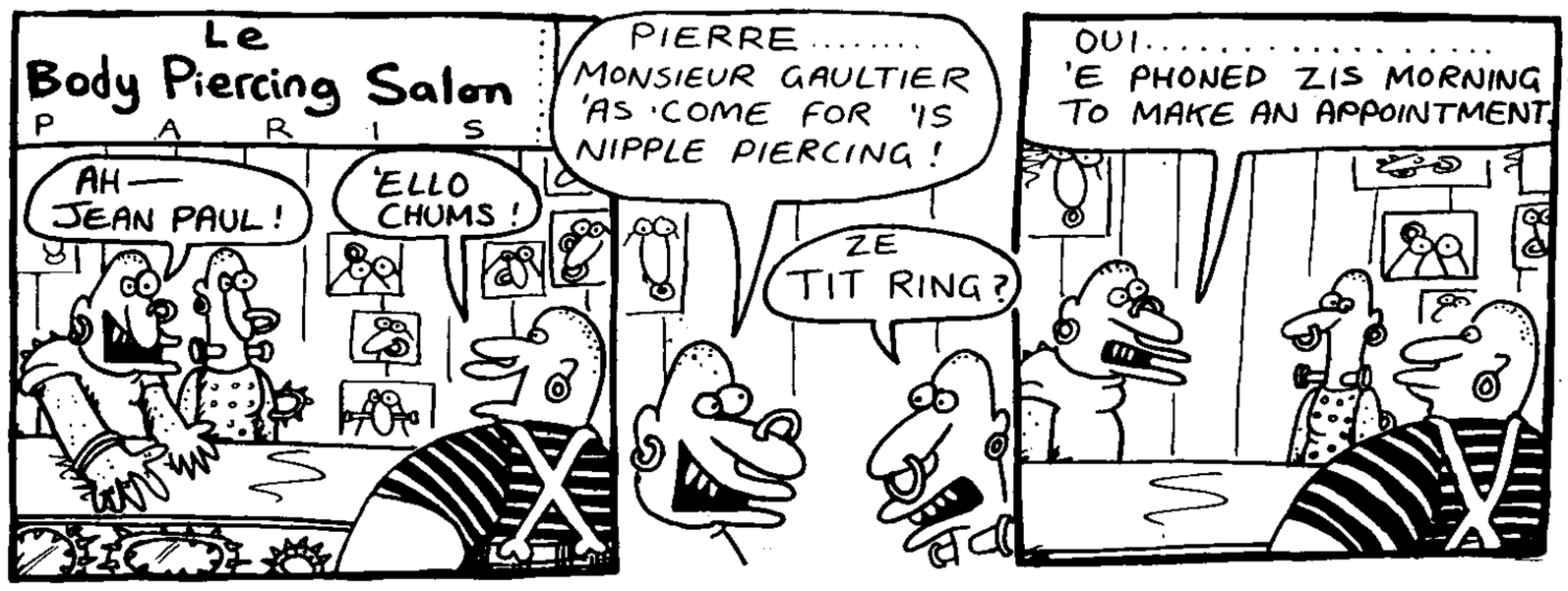
TOP astrophysicist Professor Stephen Barking, famous for his best-selling book *No One's Ever Finished It Even Though It's Quite Short,* **today rocked the world of science to its foundations with his shock claim that the moon is not made of cheese.**

"For years", he said, "scientists have believed that the moon was made of cheese. But now, thanks to my own researches, I have proved that it is made of billions of tiny light bulbs, smaller than the nucleus of an atom, which God switches on every night just before he goes to bed."

Professor Barking is 91.

SUPERMODELS

KERBER


Le Body Piercing Salon
P A R I S
AH — JEAN PAUL!
'ELLO CHUMS!
PIERRE..... MONSIEUR GAULTIER 'AS COME FOR 'IS NIPPLE PIERCING!
ZE TIT RING?
OUI..... 'E PHONED ZIS MORNING TO MAKE AN APPOINTMENT.

Di-lia's Winter Recipe

Ingredients:

1 Battered This
1 Battered That
1 Pinch of Salt

Instructions:

Stir up for 1 hour, simmer g
and then dish it ou

The PRIVATE EYE annual — *Magic Private Eye* — is now on sale, price £4.99

FLEET STREET'S QUEEN OF TARTS *(shurely 'Hearts'? Ed)*

GLENDI SLAGG

■ HATS OFF to Princess Di! At last a gal with bags of guts has told the toffs and stuffed-shirts where to get off!?!?

Make no mistake. She was fan-bloody-tastic!??

Brave, intelligent, wise, warm, dignified, caring, beautiful — you name it, she was it?!?

For every woman in the country she told it like it is! Every gal who's suffered at the hands of a mean, moody, miserly man knows just how she feels.

God bless you. ma'am, for saving the universe from total destruction.

☐ PRINCESS LIE!?!? Aren'tcha-sickofher?!?

With her silly little-girl-lost look, big eyes and dopey grin?!?

Who d'ya think you're kiddin' darlin'?!?

We know what you're up to!?! Revenge with a capital P *(shurely 'R'? Ed).*

So Charlie's not fit to be king, says you.

Well, let me tell you something, Little Miss PR Bimbo!?!

We ain't fooled. Queen? Harper's & Queen is about your limit!?!?

● *SPARE a thought for poor Prince Chazza?!?*

Fancy being married to that raving, hysterical, self-pitying, paranoid so-called basket case?!?!

No wonder he sought a spot of TLC in the arms of old Auntie Horse-Face (no offence, Camilla!)?!?!

Pity little St Di was too busy loving the world to spare a bit of love for hubby?!?

■ PRINCE CHARLES!?!? What a cold, selfish, male chauvinist creep?!?!?

When the most beautiful woman in the world turned to him in her hour of need, what did Prince Uncharming do?!?!

Went off to Scotland to murder a few helpless creatures.

Which is what he would have done to Diana if she had not been so strong — a born survivor, like Elizabeth I, Elizabeth Hurley, Elizabeth Taylor and Elizabeth Thatcher?!?!

☐ *DI!?! Don'tchaloveher?!?!*

● DI?!? Don'tchahateher?!?!

■ *CHARLES AND DI?!?! Aren'tcha sick of them both??!*

A-whingein' and a-cringin', a-moanin' and a-groanin', a-bitchin' and a-snitchin', a-whinin' and a-dinin' on the TV?!?

Pack it in, both of you?!?! We're bored to death with the pair of you?!?

No one cares about your dreary private life.

We've got more important things to worry about — like Bosnia, the US Budget deficit, the defeat of Lech Walesa. (Get back to Di or you're fired. Ed.)

Belt up, Your Highnesses, for the sake of your kiddies, if not for the rest of us!?!

It's us who are being battered and abused!? By you!?!? Go on, scram, the pair of you?!?!?

☐ HERE they are — Glenda's Royal Romeos

M-M-M-MARTIN BASHIR. He's Panorama's Mr Royal Filth!? You can interview me one-to-one any time!?!? No need to be Bashir-ful with Glenda?!? Geddit?!?

NICHOLAS SOAMES. He's the Prince's best friend. OK, so he's fat, bald and stupid! That's how I like 'em, Mister?!?!

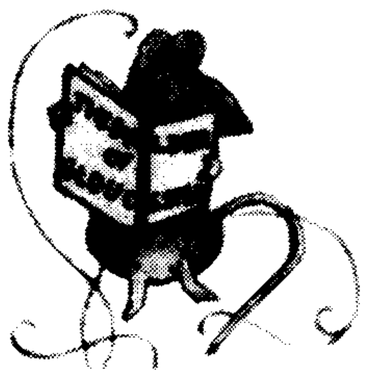
MARMADUKE HUSSEY. So you were in the dark all the time! Why don't you come round to my place, switch off the lights and we'll be in the dark together?!?

Bye-eeeeeee (or should I say Di-eeeee!)

THE BUILDER OF GLOUCESTER

BEATRIX POTTER

IN the quaint old city of Gloucester there lived a poor murderer whose name was Frederick West. He lived happily in a little house in Cromwell Street with his pretty young wife Rosemary, who toiled by night as an humble harlot. Every day Fred would kill someone and bury them in the garden. Then one day a friendly policeman came knocking at the door. "Rat-a-tat." Mr West came to the door. "Hullo, hullo," said PC Pigling Blind, "you haven't by any chance been murdering a lot of young girls, have you?" "Lawks a mercy," cried the serial killer, "whatever gave you that idea?" "Well," said PC Blind, "there's been a lot of talk down the station. Witnesses, statements, that sort of thing." "Heavens, no, it wasn't me, officer," said the builder of Gloucester, "nor my wife either. We know nothing about all these bodies in the cellar." "Oh well, that's alright then", said the genial constable, and went on his way.



But that wasn't the end of it. The very next day a kindly social worker called Ms Jemima Muddlehead came to the door. "All your children are covered in bruises," she said, "have you and your wife by any chance been ill-treating them?" "Oh no, madam," said the builder of Gloucester's wife. "We love our little ones and we would never murder them and put them in the cellar." "Oh, that's alright then," said Ms Muddlehead, and went on her way.

And so it went on, every day, for twenty years. And thanks to PC Blind and Ms Muddlehead, they all died happily ever after.

Hieronymus Bosch's career as a Christmas card artist didn't last long

DEMPSTEY REPRIEVED

Dog lovers rejoice as pet walks free

by Our Canine Staff **Michael Winnalot**

THERE was joy in the kennels tonight when the much-loved "Dempstey" was reprieved after a ruling that he constituted "no threat to anyone at all".

Dempstey, 47, was described by his owner Lord Rothermere, as "a perfectly harmless poodle who wouldn't hurt a flea".

Nigel Mutt-Dempstey

However, it had previously been alleged (mostly by Dempstey himself) that Dempstey was "a savage, sharp-toothed pit-bull terrier".

But several witnesses including would-be world supremo, Sir Jammy Goldfinger, told the High Court that Dempstey was "all over everyone and the only worry was that he might suddenly come up on you unawares and start licking your bum".

Lord Rothermere is 89.

GARDENING expert Fred West advises that the answer to a good crop lies in the soil.

Leicester Mercury

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Royal Broadcast

From Lady Antonia Holden

Sir, I would like everyone to know that I too am the victim of the coldness and arrogance of Prince Charles. At an early age I fell in love with him and wrote a passionately sycophantic love book about him. My reward after a few years of happily making money was to discover that Charles had secretly gone off with another Royal biographer, Camilla Dimbleby. I was extremely hurt and angry at this rejection and looked to Charles for help. He ignored me totally and I was reduced to appearing on television trying to get my own back on him. I am absolutely determined that such a cruel, uncaring person should never become the King.

Yours more in anger than in sorrow,
THE PRINCESS ANTONIA
OF HOLDEN,
c/o Snipcock and Tweed Royal Biogs Inc.

A Doctor writes **Panorimia**

AS A doctor, I am often asked: "Am I suffering from panorimia?" The symptoms of Compulsive Viewing Disorder, or *Windsoris confessionalis chronicus*, as it is known to the medical profession, are as follows: the patient gorges on an unrestricted diet of junk television relating to the Royal family until overcome by feelings of intense self-loathing and nausea. In extreme cases, the viewer will actually throw up, before returning to watch the discussion of the latest interview on *Newsnight*.

If you are worried that you may be suffering from panorimia, you should consult the *Radio Times* to see what is on the other channels.

© *A. Doctor*

She wanted a separation rather than a divorce

What You Thought of That Interview

They're calling it the most important 40 minutes in the history of the universe. But what did you think? The Eye went out to find what the ordinary people of Britain were thinking:

"She was fantastic. I think she should be King."

MANDY DIMM, 19, hairdresser, Nuneaton.

"She's a real star. Forget Cilla Black. Di should have her own show talking about people's problems."

MRS SHIRLEY TOASTER, 45, Kingston-on-Thames.

"The Royal Family don't know what they've lost. A lovely girl. She wiped the floor with that Paxman fellow."

MAJOR-GENERAL TWISTLETON FIBREGLASS-CLEESE, branch chairman Sturminster Newton Cricket Club.

"Here is a woman who has managed to externalise her own traumas and find reconciliation with her own inner child. She speaks for all women everywhere."

DEACONESS WALLBURTON, 41, St Prozac's, Worthing.

"She's a mother in a million. Going on TV and talking about her kiddies like that. I couldn't do it."

MRS ETHEL PRUNEHAT, 76, pensioner.

"I don't care what anyone says. She's fantastic. She's brilliant, right?"

RABBI JASPAN HAMSBURGER, 53, The Liberal Synagogue, Hendon.

What The Foreign Press Said

FRANCE

'CHARLES EST UN POUF' DIT LA PRINCESSE DIANE

France Après-Midi

USA

DI CHUCKS CHUCK IN DEEP DOODOO

New Dworkin Bee

ITALY

Grande Scandale della Famiglia Royale d'Inghilterra – Divorcio por Liz Hurley e Gazza?

La Republica di Napoli

SWEDEN

GRØST VØCK IN HEWITT LEGØVER SHOCK

Upsaala Telegraaf

RUSSIA

YELTSIN PISSED AGAIN

Pravdeye

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS

A Sylvie Krin Special

As read by over 86 million people

THE STORY SO FAR: The Princess of Wales is about to appear on the BBC current affairs flagship Panorama to state her case directly to the nation.

Now read on:

"I WOULD wear something black, Di," soothed the transatlantic tones of Susie Wackenbacker, the famed feminist media-psychotherapist and author of the best-selling treatise "Aren't Men Awful?"

"Garbo always looked good in black. Same with Jackie O. You're saying 'widow', you're saying 'victim', but you're still saying 'strong'."

"Yah, that's right." Diana jotted down a few notes on a pad as she sat at her desk in the Caroline of Brunswick Room of Kensington Palace.

Diana was feeling increasingly self-assured in the presence of her adviser and confidante. She remembered that Charles had always relied on his friend and mentor, Sir Laurens van der Post, to help him through his various crises. What had he told her once? "The moon belongs to everyone." Charles had always said how true that was but to her it had seemed remote and meaningless.

So unlike Susie who spoke the real language of real people with real problems. Diana read through the key phrases printed out in big black type that Susie had given her to memorise. "Change is painful", "low self-esteem", "crying out for help", "giving the wrong signals", "renewed strength", "I'm a survivor", "Charles is a bastard".

She had added that last one herself, but she would have to ask Susie's advice before including it in the final version. There were still two days before the top-secret recording session would take place in this very room.

She would be interviewed in depth by the BBC's senior constitutional correspondent Mr Bashi Patel. Famous, she had been told, for his award winning documentary *Midweek Rugby Special.*

Already she could feel the buzz beginning and the adrenalin racing through her perfectly toned body.

"Shall we go through the questions again, Di?" asked her New York guru. "If you have any negative reactivity, remember, I'm here for you."

Diana cleared her throat in anticipation. Now she knew what it must be like to be a pop star like Madonna, or a great actress like Liz Hurley before the curtain goes up. She crossed her legs like Sharon Stone and placed her head demurely on one side in the way her millions of fans had come to know and love.

"Let's do the Major Blewitt question, OK? Patel's going to lead up with some general stuff and then he'll pretend to spring it on you. I'll be him, OK. Here goes."

Diana paused, looked down and then looked up in the gesture that had beguiled billions around the world. From the shanty towns of Oshkosh in Rumbabwe, to the teeming high rises of Hirohito in Japan. From the farmsteads of New Dworkin in Arkansas, to the *(Get on with it, Ed).* Susie then asked the question "Were you and he more than close friends?"

"Someone has got to go out there and love people," she began.

"No, honey. That comes later," interrupted Wackenbacker gently.

"Yah, yah. I know... don't tell me... Yah, I got it now... OK." Diana re-composed herself.

"You jump straight in and look directly at the camera. Think Bogie and Bergman in *Casablanca.* That's what this scene is about."

This time Diana was word perfect.

"Yes, I loved him, I adored him. But I was cruelly let down."

Ms Wackenbacker clapped her hands. "Good! " Diana allowed herself a smile of self-satisfaction. "That's nearly as good as the tough-cookie bit where you are Mrs Thatcher and everyone is turning to you for inspired leadership."

Diana was thoroughly enjoying herself. Her mind was racing with excitement. At last this was it. She would show everybody that she was the one in charge... the one in control... the one who would utterly crush her miserable self-satisfied husband, that old trout Camilla and the whole of the stinking, rotten Royal Family who would rue the day they had crossed swords with her: Boadicea, Joan of Arc, and Oprah Winfrey all rolled into one...

Her thoughts were interrupted by a call to resume rehearsal.

"That just leaves the bit where you say how much you admire Prince Charles. We need to work on the sincerity quotient. I know this is difficult for you, but believe me, without it we don't have a show."

Diana bit her lip and delivered the agreed form of words. "All I want is my husband's peace of mind. The bastard."

"Very good, honey. Almost there. Let's take a break now."

THE phone was ringing as it had been ever since the broadcast. Flowers had been arriving by the van load. The fax machine was overflowing and the hallway was almost impassable with sacks of mail. All with one message: "Diana, we love you."

101% of the country were on her side. The TV audience was the biggest ever apart from when Dirty Den and Angie had split up on *EastEnders*. But that was ages ago. She had won. There was no question of it. She had utterly routed Charles and all his loathsome friends: Crispin Porridge, Jonathon Dimblebore and the odious Hon Fatty Arbuckle. All of them had been defeated.

The phone was still ringing. Who would it be this time? Phil Collins, George Michael, Elton John or perhaps the new editor of the Sunday Telegraph, what was his name?

"G'day Di-Baby. You were mega-sensational!" She recognised at once the nasal drone of Sir Clive Jaws, the antipodean wit and bellettrist.

"Let me tell you, Di. You are the biggest star since God invented stars in the first place. When Hollywood sees this, they're gonna have to pack up and start again. You've got it, babe. IT with a capital I and a capital T. You're the tops, you're the Eiffel Tower", he began singing and Diana lapped it up like a kitten with a saucer of cream. Yes, it was true. She was a star. She had used her own celebrity as a weapon. And it worked. Forget the Queen. From now on she was the Queen of Hearts. The people would decide who would rule. And they were her people. They loved *her*. And *her* alone.

Sir Clive broke her self-intoxication with his renewed encomium.

"You're right up there with the big ones. Marilyn Monroe, Judy Garland and Sylvia Plath."

The celebrated communicator paused suddenly. "Er... OK, so they had a few problems, but you can't have everything. Ciao."

Diana put the phone down. Suddenly the air seemed more chill and the warmth of the camera lights was a distant memory. The house seemed more empty than ever. As the Italians say, revenge is a dish best eaten cold. But had she eaten too much? And could she keep it down?...

(To be continued)

DIARY

Nancy: His complexities run deep, so very deep. My Dad, Francis Albert Sinatra, is a man who embraces consistency yet embodies contradictions. A man who is so deep that he's almost shallow, yet so broad that he's almost narrow. A man who will stand up for the little guy, just so long as that little guy stands up for him whenever he enters the room. A man who dines with Presidents, yet never forgets the name of any ordinary two-bit motherfucker who tries to mess with him. A man who is an all-American hero and a legend, yet a patriot who'll cross the road to open a gaming casino so the honest Joes of this great nation can do something useful with their hard-earned dimes. Love ya, Daddy.

FRANK &
NANCY SINATRA

Frank: Love you too, chicken. A thought. The world we live in can be a cruel, lonely place for people like us. People who dare to sing and to dance. People who defy the system by reaching out to the hearts of others to whisper "I Love You". I say this with sadness, but we will always be feared and despised by those uptight, locked-in little people who are bewildered by the rare and magical secrets we possess. But, still, we must extend our arms around those poor, persecuted souls. And we must clutch them tight. And tighter. And still tighter. *Tighter still I said*. Until they begin to confess that there may be value in a songsmith. And enchantment in this legendary lover of his fellow man.

Nancy: Dad — you say such beautiful things. You are a running river flowing into a glacier of burnished gold, a sea-trout flying on silken wings up, up, up to the highest valley of them all. You know something? One day when I was a little girl of, say, five or six years of age, I was running along the patio and I fell over and cut my knee. And I hollered and screamed and screamed and hollered. And I'll never forget your face that day, Dad. It remained so serene, so calm, with such deep inner tranquillity that you remained untroubled by outside events, seeing them as necessary to progress in the great tide of man. And that taught me a lesson I'll never forget, not in all the years God allows me to remain on this beautiful planet we call America. And that lesson is this. No man — no woman either — should ever go any place without a pair of top-of-the-range earplugs.

And then, Dad, you did something I'll remember all my days. After just twenty short minutes, you looked in my direction, across to the crumpled little girl splattered on the patio, tears flooding her dimples, and then you looked back at your close friend Johnny "The Skunk" Debrazzo. And in your softest, warmest, sweetest voice, you whispered: "Find the guy who laid those paving-stones, right, and inform him Frankie says he don't exist no more."

I think it's the artist in you, Dad. You're a force of nature that demands respect, a tidal wave of love and compassion washing away all those who stand in its wake.

Frank: You know, chicken, I think it's my honesty that frightens and devastates people. They aren't used to dealing with true sincerity. My songs reach into the very heart of mankind — classics like "Whoopsy, Doopsy, There Goes My Boopsy", "There's a Song in My Heart and a Drip in My Hat" and "I like a Girl Who Darns and Knits".

Way back, I threw a party in my honor to celebrate my Humanitarian of the Year Award from The Las Vegas Chamber of the Frank Sinatra Appreciation Society of which I had the honor to be Life President. As the world knows, it's a charitable venture. We ask for just a few dollars a week from non-members; in return we promise them and their families total security to pursue the great American dream.

But who the hell was going to present me with this honor? We needed a guy with a reputation for probity, straight-dealing and sheer big-heartedness. A guy whose friendships with important people, including Presidents of the United States, a guy whose numerous well-attested acts of private charity would make him a suitable recipient of the honor of making the presentation to Ol' Blue Eyes here. So I thought of all the good friends I've been blessed with down the years. Richard M. Nixon? A great President, but a great President with a perspiration problem. Dean Martin? One helluva guy and helluva opening act. But let's not confuse statures. I hate to see a guy look small. Bing? Sammy? Perry? Legends, yes, but only legends in their own lifetimes. Nope. There was only one guy, one all-American legend we felt we could approach to make this historic presentation. Yes, Ol' Blue Eyes himself, Mister Francis Albert Sinatra.

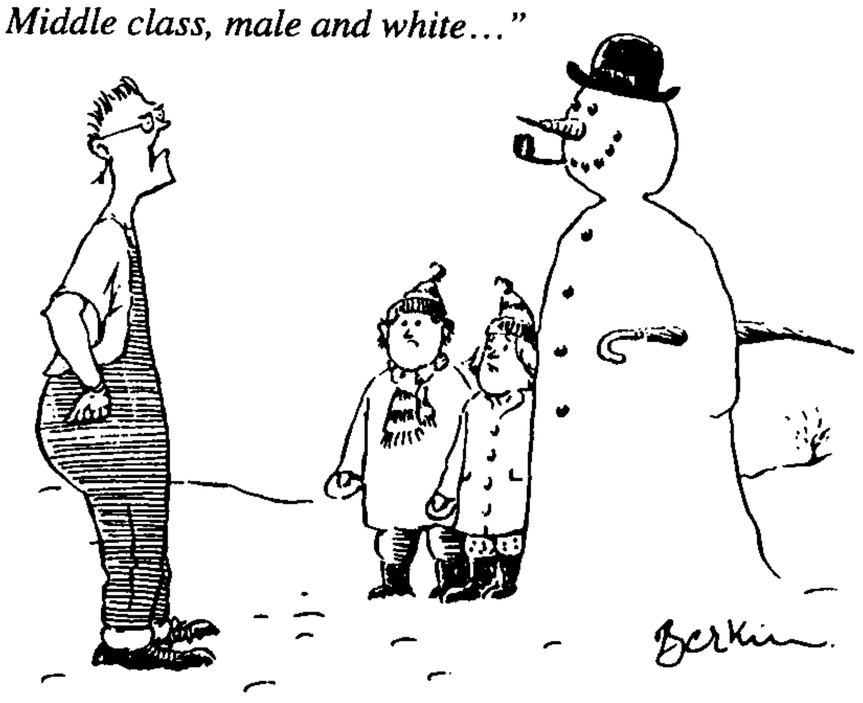
I accepted the responsibility warmly and with compassion. When it came to the presentation, I shook hand with myself in a way that conveyed my appreciation of all I had done to make America the country it is today. "Frank," I said. "We need more legends like you."

In response I looked a teensy bit bashful and — well — kinda modest. "Coming from you, Frank, that's really something," I replied, tears in my eyes. An unforgettable moment for everyone present — just me and the great Frank. Frank and the great me.

Nancy: I want to clear up one thing about my father forever, okay? He never met Fatso "The Pony" Gymkhana or the icecream giant Mr Toni "The Chisel" Softee, other than once or twice when he may have bumped into them by chance on his yacht or at a christening or some such family reunion. Notwithstanding these chance meetings — not more than eleven or twelve a year, and never lasting longer than a month at a time — Frank Sinatra never had any contact whatsowhomwhichsoever with any members of any organisation of any type anywhere in the world. He's spent a lifetime denying these persistent untruths by refusing to dignify them with a response. Nor did he ever instruct his attorneys to punch firmly on the nose any son of a bitch who continued to bleat those doggone lies before giving him a smart kick in the groin and leaving him in the gutter where he belongs. And anyone who says he did is a dead man.

Frank: A beautiful tribute, chicken, really beautiful. Like all my family — Tina, Frankie and all my beautiful wives — you've taken Frank's advice, you've lived a life that's full, you've followed me over each and every highway. But more, much more than this — you did it My Way.

"Typical! Middle class, male and white..."



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Literary Review

Hard Labour

Who Goes Home? Scenes from a Political Life
Roy Hattersley
(Little Brown, £17.99)

AT least we now know who to blame. It was the late Iain Macleod, bristling along the Westminster corridors sometime in 1965, who made the fatal mistake of bearding the fresh-faced Labour member and asking him if he wanted to write for the *Spectator*, which Macleod then edited.

Young Roy, lately elected MP for Birmingham Sparkbrook, could scarcely believe his luck. There followed three decades' worth of "Endpieces", personal views, dogged reminiscence, Yorkshire boyhoods and, most worrying of all, a run of novels based on — gulp — Roy's own family history.

It is hardly necessary to add that Roy can't — couldn't — write for toffee. No, really. Pompous, antiquated, full of sedate little glances that are actually hulking shoves, his prose style is the fustiest thing on the block. Vain, too, for the orotundity is peculiarly intimate and lapel-grabbing, not just lacking in imagination but having the effect of yoking the style to the personality that composed it.

This is a political memoir — Roy's retiring after the next election, as if you didn't know — which means that, like most exercises in the genre, it's both self-serving and score-settling. The score-settling is quite wonderfully disingenuous — full of larky asides that altogether fail to disguise the fact that whether as a tyro MP, junior minister or member of the Callaghan cabinet, young Hattersley was incapable of forgetting a slight.

David Owen, for example, "would not condescend to continued membership of a party which so lacked judgment and a sense of history that it sacrificed its opportunity of making him leader". (Bitchy enough, but even then the rancour is compromised by Roy's habitual periphrasis.)

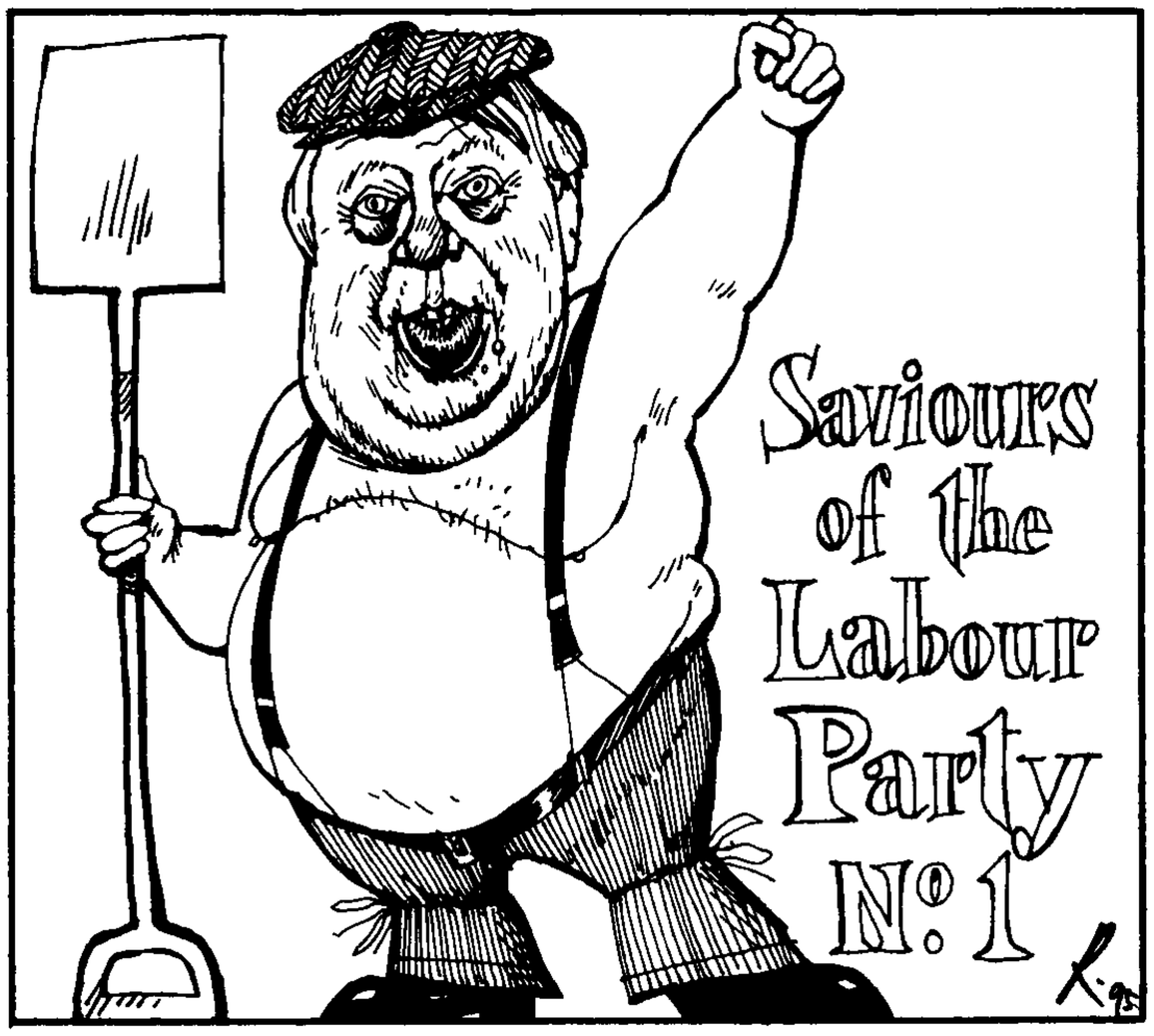
The self-serving, though, is yet more disingenuous, mostly because it involves Roy in the construction of some largescale and wholly absurd myths about himself. The first is Roy the rebel, the cheeky northern chappy, impatient of parliamentary protocol and feared by Harold Wilson as a secret plotter (he notes that in 1974 Reg Prentice was promoted over his head "because he could be trusted").

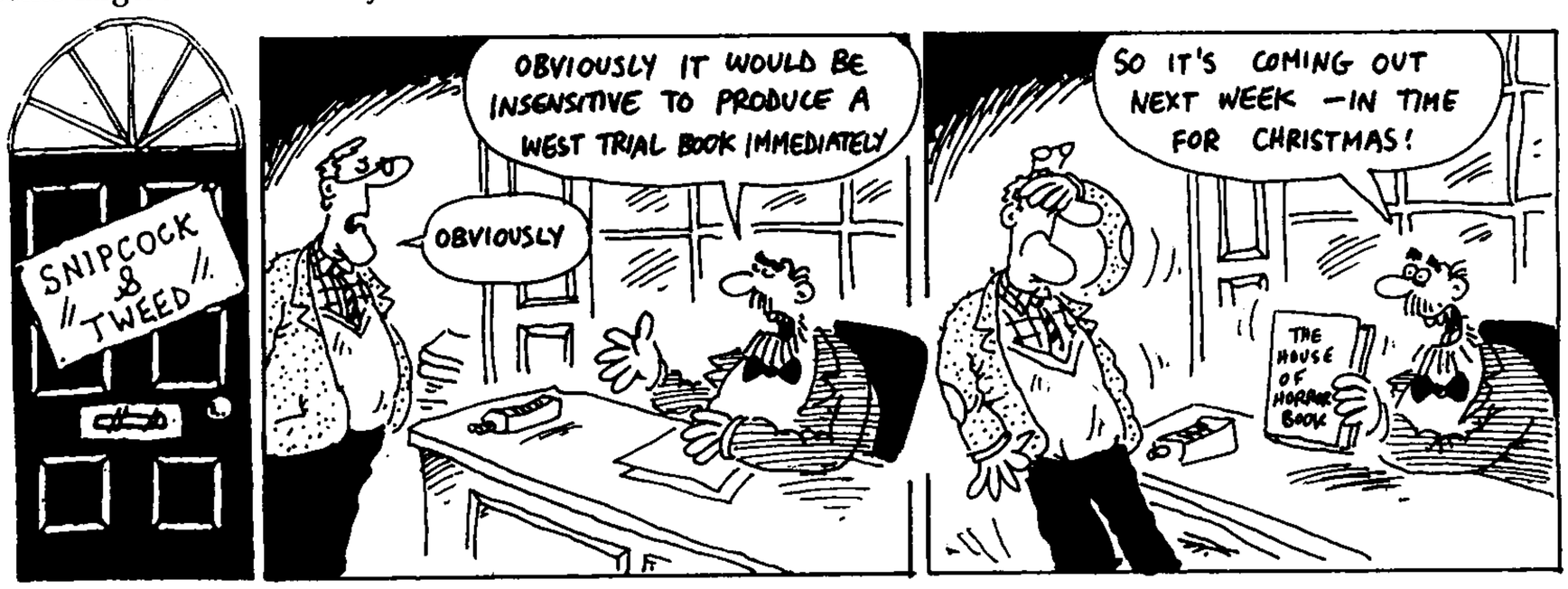
The second is the Pooterish fall-guy — banging his head on the rafters when borne aloft by his constituents, listening pallidly as the Queen Mother, concluding a ten-minute chat with Roy's mum, asks: "And to whom have I had the pleasure of speaking?" Even the countless stories told against himself don't really convince, though — something to do with the circumspection with which Roy relates them, and the persistent thought that *This is all a good laugh at my expense, but all the same I wouldn't want you to think I wasn't pretty important as well.*

There are two rather more insidious myths. One is of the man who thought life bigger than politics, and so didn't think it worth conducting a year-long campaign against Kinnock. The other is of Roy the stalwart defender of the right in the battles that split the Labour party's soul in the early '80s. (Difficult to believe now as he tries out a new 90s pose as "defender of the left".)

"Back in 1981," he writes movingly, "I was one of the people who stood their ground, argued against absurdity, organised... on behalf of reason, and, in consequence, saved the Labour Party." I refer the reader to a footnote on p.531 of Ivor Crewe and Anthony King's newly-published *SDP: The Birth, Life and Death of the Social Democratic Party* (Oxford University Press £25): "Degrees of animus against Roy Hattersley varied. Right-wingers believed that Hattersley agreed with them about almost everything. They also believed that he was driven by personal ambition and by almost nothing else." The authors politely suggest that on the second point Hattersley's detractors were probably wrong, but then they are chums of his.

If Roy's book has a hero it's James Callaghan, who comes across as an honest and reasonably disinterested servant of country and party. No prizes for guessing the identity of the tragic clown, though. In fact Roy's story is very simple. A young rightish-leaning machine politician joins a political party run, at any rate in its Westminster incarnation, by a rightish-leaning machine. Then someone pushes the machine in the other direction. Instead of a line of succession running Harold, Jim, Denis, Roy, it goes Harold, Jim, Michael... Neil. Extraordinarily, something that Roy had always thought was his for the asking somehow slipped irrevocably out of his grasp. Each subsequent event in his life, including this unintentionally amusing book, stems from this elemental denial.




SNIPCOCK & TWEED
OBVIOUSLY IT WOULD BE INSENSITIVE TO PRODUCE A WEST TRIAL BOOK IMMEDIATELY
OBVIOUSLY
SO IT'S COMING OUT NEXT WEEK —IN TIME FOR CHRISTMAS!
THE HOUSE OF HORROR BOOK

BOOKS & BOOKMEN

□ RANDOM House chief Gail Rebuck is often paraded as a shining example of a woman who has managed to combine motherhood and family life with a demanding job.

As a prominent Labour luvvie (whose husband, Philip Gould, is one of Tony Blair's closest advisers), she is naturally a caring, sharing employer. But she doesn't seem to be encouraging any of the women who work for her to follow in her footsteps.

Female employees of Random House are entitled to 13 weeks' maternity leave at full pay and 13 weeks at half pay (after one year's service), or 26 weeks at full pay after five years' service. La Rebuck is now proposing to slash this to 12 weeks at full pay and six weeks at half pay with no enhancement for longer service.

This could be bad news for associate publisher Caroline Michel, who is on maternity leave with her third baby. Fortunately Caroline's daddy (millionaire businessman Wolfgang Michel) and hubby (Faber chairman Matthew Evans) are not short of a bob or two. But what of those luckless women at Random House who don't have access to a private income? Well, they could always try celibacy...

■ EDDIE "McBastard" Bell, elusive chairman of HarperCollins, has seen the publishing house slip into decline with his brilliant signings. Huge advances to the likes of Kingsley Amis, son Martin Amis, and of course Jeffrey Archer have not paid off with suitably large sales.

Publishing gossips have been wondering how much longer Bell can hang on. So much so that at a launch for Charlton Heston's new book, the gathered bookpeople were astounded to see a ghost-like figure walk in. It was Bell in an almost unprecedented public appearance. "Well", he remarked with surprising honesty, "I'm here to prove I haven't been sacked yet."

Meanwhile HarperCollins executive Stuart Proffit has been taking time off from his onerous sucking-up-to-Mrs Thatcher duties. The editor of St Margaret's memoirs evidently now has an even tougher rewrite ahead and has had to take several days' holiday to get to grips with his awesome task. Publishing executives everywhere are heaving a sigh of compassion for the aptly-named Proffit — the man condemned to rewrite the latest, and most awful to date, Lord Archer "blockbuster".

□ *SIR John Hanson, director-general of the British Council, recently called for "transparency" in the council's affairs. Alas his message failed to hit home in the projects unit information group at the council's Manchester HQ.*

Since the council relocated up north (for PC rather than sensible economic reasons), British Library Document Supply Coupons — credit vouchers for books — destined for Mozambique and with a face value of £800,000, have been languishing in a fourth-floor stationery cupboard. Perhaps it's time one of the BC's many pen-pushers went upstairs and gave the pile a prod in the direction of Africa.

'Bookworm'

footnotes

DESERT ISLAND FIBS

IT HAS been a wonderful year in the media for Tony Craig. He, his wife Lyn and their plans to buy a desert island for $25 million and fill it with a "vibrant new community" have been all over the newspapers.

He has had three ecstatic features in the *Sunday Times*; two hagiographic double-page spreads in *Today*; a much-recycled and entirely uncritical radio interview; a flattering page from the *Independent*'s usually sceptical Weasel; and even a top spot on the Esther Rantzen show. "We've been featured," he says "in about 135 newspapers world wide and have had offers to go on TV in Africa, Korea and Japan."

He is currently working on what he calls "a major documentary for Channel Four's *Cutting Edge*", and his island plans have been named an "event of the year" by BBC Radio Four. Despite so much media coverage for so long, however, Tony Craig doesn't seem to have progressed very far. He hasn't actually bought his island yet, nor has he anything like enough money to do so. His plans are still very vague. He is inclined to contradict himself rather often and to forget some rather important events in his past.

In a long interview with the *Eye* the contradictions and memory lapses kept recurring. Who has joined him? "Most of the people in this project are captains of industry and people who have reached the pinnacle of their career," he insists, claiming that at least one of these people has pledged £1 million.

On the other hand, he says, "we have been inundated by people who haven't got any money". When he recently wrote to supporters asking for £25 to pay for a conference, 400 people decided to leave him. How much money has he been sent? "I haven't had any money," he says proudly. But then he says he's had cheques from 90 people. His project has no company and no bank account, so he's hanging on to the cheques until he can pay for the conference. Then "I'll elect — or people will elect themselves — as trustees to look after the money".

What sort of people does he want on his island? "Either people with brilliant ideas and no money or people with £150,000 — and brilliant ideas as well," he replies. The problem, he complains, is that nothing like enough of those £150,000 people have signed up.

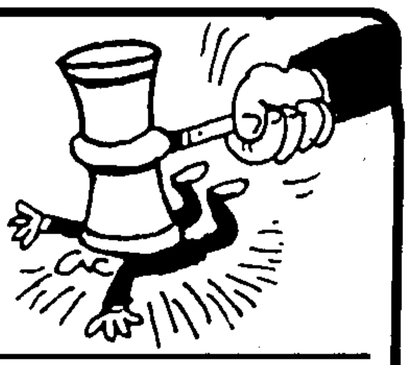
He's equivocal, too, on his own role. "I don't want to be the island ayatollah," he says. But he finds that when people come together to discuss his project they have an annoying habit of "fragmenting things". Maybe, he concludes, "a benign dictator to start off with is what we're looking for". He himself, he feels, would fill that role admirably. Or perhaps not. "I'm going to be perhaps at most some sort of synthesis and even an Ariel for the community." One consistent theme is that children will "run free" — while here in Britain children are "prisoners in their homes".

TONY CRAIG plus wife and son in paradise, 1995 (right), and (insert left), after his first (forgotten) marriage, 1972

He doesn't like criticism. Critics on Esther Rantzen's show were, he says, "BBC canteen workers who were hauled in to rubbish me". When asked about his past he becomes more circumspect. *Today* described him as "a surveyor", but he agrees he has no surveying qualifications. He says he worked for 10 years voluntarily on what he calls an "arts therapy laboratory" which he set up in a psychiatric hospital called St John's, now closed. He is strangely monosyllabic about his personal life before he married Lyn. He denies any previous marriage; denies having any children from any previous marriage; and denies having been involved in a crown court case in which his teenage daughter accused him of sexually abusing her for 10 years.

There must be something wrong with Tony Craig's memory. The *Eye* can confirm that he married first in 1972; that his daughter was born in 1974; and that in 1990 he was charged with sexually abusing her. His daughter gave evidence in the case. He was acquitted. She took her case to the criminal injuries compensation board and, on appeal, was awarded £2,000 compensation.

Beak of the Week



Mr Peter C. Dowman JP

■ MAGISTRATES at Lincoln have set a new record for saving public money: they have transformed a debt to the council of £22 into a debt of £15,000.

On 18 October 1994 Lincoln magistrates, chaired by Mr Peter Dowman, ordered the arrest of Jane Count, 22, a single mother with a 15-month-old baby. She owed £22 in poll tax arrears from 1990-91. She had paid a lot of her arrears back, but explained in letters to the magistrates that she could not keep up the repayments at the required rate. Already £2.30 a week was being taken off her income support of £64 a week. After paying for food and electricity, she had no money. Her husband, who used to pay her poll tax, had abandoned her.

She was summoned to court but explained in a letter delivered by her mother that she was too ill to appear. She begged the magistrates for an adjournment. The magistrates' clerk, Mr Brian Maddison, told the bench they had no power to order an adjournment so Jane Count was sent to prison for nine days. She spent four days in prison before she was freed on bail pending a judicial review of the magistrates' action.

This came up in March this year when Mr Justice Sedley declared that the Lincoln magistrates had acted illegally and ordered costs against them. The magistrates applied for the costs order to be set aside, and the case came up in front of the same judge in July. Dismissing the application, Mr Justice Sedley lambasted the magistrates and their clerk for their refusal to grant Jane Count an adjournment. He declared the magistrates' right to adjourn a case "one of the elementary principles of justice. I ask myself," he continued, "if it could fairly be said to be unthinkable that a court could disregard it."

The costs of both sides were again awarded against the magistrates. Lincolnshire county council has to pick up the bill: about £15,000.

Bleep! There's oil on the waters

■ A FUNNY thing happened to John Davies, general works manager of the Warrington chemical company Crosfields, while he was talking to the local Agenda 21 Conference about pollution.

Just as he was explaining to a sceptical audience how the days of silly pollution incidents through corporate carelessness were over, his bleeper went off. The message was urgent: oil was leaking into the Mersey as a result of a pollution incident at the Crosfields boilerhouse.

Mr Davies had to rush from the scene to try to stem the filthy flow. No luck. It was a full week before the polluting oil could be cleared out of the river and some of the badly-damaged swans and sea birds treated. As Crosfields reported, the "spillage resulted from an operational error which is greatly regretted".

DEATH ON THE REVENUE: NO ONE TO BLAME

EVERYONE's heard of public immunity certificates, aka government gagging orders. But how many know about "crown immunity"? It protects government bodies from being prosecuted when they break the law — even if someone dies as a result.

Adrian Cockell was a tax inspector who worked in an office block in Reading called Sapphire Plaza. The Plaza was first occupied by the Inland Revenue in 1990 when its property was administered by the publicly-owned PSA.

PSA was duly privatised and the IR parcelled off maintenance jobs in its buildings to different private companies. At least three companies were in some way responsible for water treatment and air conditioning at the Plaza — though none seemed quite sure what the other was doing.

In April 1993 tests on the water in the air conditioning system came back positive for Legionella, which can cause the deadly Legionnaire's disease. One firm was sacked, another appointed. Then, on 13 July 1993, Legionella was detected again. On 29 July Adrian Cockell contracted Legionnaire's disease from which he died on 9 August.

The health and safety executive (HSE) prides itself on its firm, prompt action over Legionnaires' disease, which arises only from managerial carelessness. After many months' deliberation, the HSE decided not to prosecute anyone over the Sapphire Plaza scandal. An HSE spokesman tells the *Eye* that the Inland Revenue was "primarily responsible for the failures that led to the death of Mr Cockell". So they did not prosecute any of the private firms.

An HSE spokesman explained that it could not prosecute the Inland Revenue because "as a crown body it has immunity from prosecution". Instead "a formal censure was given in which senior representatives of the IR were summoned to the offices of the HSE" to be told they had broken the law and a man had died as a result — but no one could be punished.

THE GOVERNOR AND THE ARCHITECT: Pauline and Derek Latham

Good Husbandry

■ MORE about Derbyshire Tory doyenne Pauline Latham, who was until recently a member of the Funding Agency for Schools, the quango that funnels taxpayers' money into grant-maintained schools.

Mrs Latham's husband Derek is a Derbyshire architect who has sent out mailshots to grant-maintained schools looking for work. The Funding Agency told the *Eye* (3 November) that Mrs Latham left any agency meetings where her husband's business interests were discussed.

Now the *Eye* learns that she has to do the same at Ecclesbourne grant-maintained school in Derby where she is a governor. Headmaster Dr John Dupey tells the *Eye* that Derek Latham and Co recently won a contract for landscaping at the school. "Pauline Latham left the meeting which discussed the contract," he told the *Eye*. "I know you are on the other side of the political fence, but Pauline Latham always behaves with the utmost integrity."

The Funding Agency, which funds Ecclesbourne, told the *Eye* it did not know of any paid work done by Lathams for the school. "The whole point of grant-maintained schools is that they don't have to tell us how they spend their money," said a spokesman. Doesn't he mean "*our* money"?

MUTUAL FRIENDS

■ THE state-controlled Teachers' Pensions Agency has been paying teachers' pensions efficiently for years without anyone making a complaint — so obviously it has to be privatised.

The government recently announced a shortlist of six firms, one of which will eventually get to make a hefty profit from this lucrative monopoly. One of the six is the Colonial Mutual Group (UK Holdings) — a name which greatly surprised the teachers' union ATL.

ATL is in dispute with Colonial Mutual over a number of cases where the company seduced teachers out of the teachers' pension scheme and into wholly inappropriate private pensions. In every one of the contested cases the union expects to win damages against the company for wrongly persuading teachers to leave a scheme it is now bidding exclusively to administer.

WE, SHELL, OVERCOME

"THE world where companies use their economic interests to prop up or bring down governments would be a frightening and bleak one indeed."

This warning was proclaimed by Shell in full-page advertisements throughout the British press in response to "the understandable emotion over the death of Ken Saro-Wiwa". Oddly there was no reference in the ad to the frightening and bleak episode when Shell used its economic interests to prop up the racist and illegal regime in Rhodesia, in open revolt against the British government.

The Bingham report of 1978 discloses two secret meetings between the regional managing director of Shell in South Africa, Frank McFadzean, and the president of South Africa, John Vorster. As a result of those meetings the South African government passed a new law forcing companies in South Africa to sell oil to anyone who could pay for it. Shell's South African subsidiary then used the new law as an excuse to sell oil to Rhodesia. Through a French intermediary it sold enough oil to prop up the racist Rhodesian regime for more than 10 years.

In February 1968 the same McFadzean met the then minister of state at the British foreign office, George Thomson. McFadzean's note of the meeting disclosed: "Shell and BP as suppliers to their South African subsidiaries could never guarantee that directly, or indirectly, through exchanges, the oil supplied to their subsidiaries would not find its way to Rhodesia via South African customers." This "failure to guarantee" that the law would be upheld was never passed on to the British parliament or people.

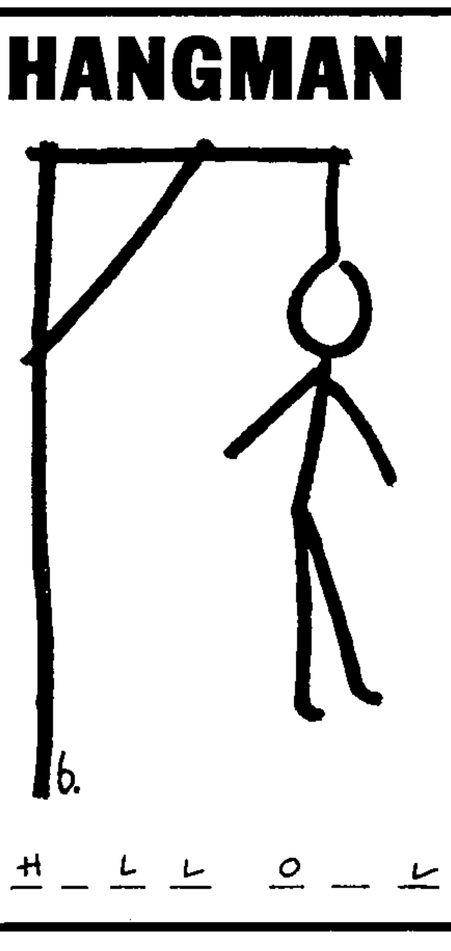
In 1969 Shell arranged another secret meeting with Alan Gregory, a senior civil servant at the then minister of power. Shell's report of what happened concluded: "In general he (Gregory) recognised that we would not wish to be too involved with the details and nor for that matter would Her Majesty's Government". So the illegal regime was propped up and the British government, which knew all about it, did nothing.

PS: Frank McFadzean became chairman of Shell, British Airways and Rolls-Royce, and was ennobled in 1980.

PPS: Alan Gregory joined BP in 1970 and later became chairman of BP Trading's executive committee. He got the CBE in 1984.

PPPS: George Thomson became Lord Thomson of Monifieth in 1977, a European commissioner, a director of ICI, the Royal Bank of Scotland, the Woolwich and Group Four. Last year he was appointed a member of the Nolan commission on standards in public life.

HANGMAN



CEMENT FIXERS

■ Why has the DoE been so shy about publishing the names of the members of its secret committees which set the limits for industrial pollution? As a possible answer the *Eye* publishes the names of the "pollution working party" for the cement industry. They are proof of the government's overriding concern to balance the committees so they don't fall into the hands of vested interests:

J. Stevenson, British Cement Association; R. Mitchell, British Association of Cement Manufacturers; A Tydeman, British Pre-cast Concrete Federation; D.E. Brown, ARC Southern, a cement firm; I. Walpole, Castle Cement; P. Quinn, Pioneer Aggregates UK, a cement firm; and K. Watson, British Ready Mixed Concrete Association.

You can write to Paul Foot at 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG, or leave a message for him on 0171 287 3183

In the City

SO MUCH for all those confident predictions about £50 million compensation for the Guinness Four. Once again, as with Nick Leeson, supposedly well informed newspapers such as the *Sunday Telegraph* allowed themselves to be lead by the nose rather than the brain by those lobbying on behalf of Ernest "Alzheimer" Saunders, Gerald Ronson, Anthony Parnes and Jack Lyons.

As the *Eye* has maintained since the 1990 Guinness case was reopened almost a year ago, the evidence of injustice was slim to non-existent. All four had been convicted for what they had admitted (with the exception of "Alzheimer" who appeared to have forgotten) to doing. And what they had admitted included rigging the Guinness share price in return for secret and illegal payments totalling £11 million paid on false invoices into (for Parnes and Lyons) offshore accounts hidden from the taxman. This is injustice?

Their real complaint was that they had been caught. Perhaps not surprisingly the court of appeal was unsympathetic and considered that whatever the imperfections of disclosure the jury had ample reason to convict.

The judges — bearing in mind how their colleagues were conned by "Alzheimer" Saunders once before — may not rush to overturn the convictions and open the door to multi-million pound claims for compensation.

Private Eye, Issue 883

The question now is whether this decision will finally unleash publication of the Department of Timidity & Inaction inspectors' report into the Guinness affair, or whether the report will face yet further delay due to any possible appeal to the law lords or to the European court of human rights' ruling in Saunders case due in February. The latter now presents the Alice in Wonderland possibility of a Saunders victory on the very point the court of appeal has just upheld — the right of his and the other defendants' testimony to the DTI to be used against them as parliament said it could.

For the avoidance of any further doubt the DTI should now publish the Guinness report so that the world can see once and for all who did what for what and why it was wrong. The problem for the legal system and the Serious Farce Office is that the report is understood to convict not only the Guinness Four but others who were either acquitted or not prosecuted.

AS ONE Paul Levinson stock market balloon bursts, so another is puffed full of hot air. This month has seen last year's favourite, budget priced CD sellers Tring International, deflate to 39p compared with the issue price of 118p as profits duly collapsed.

But Levinson has few worries because he sold £11 million worth of shares at the flotation. Furthermore his latest promotion, Hay & Robertson, is storming ahead. The shares are almost five times the 10p the Levinson offshore interests paid only in July.

Levinson's most loyal "puffer", *Daily Mail* deputy city editor/tipster/investor Michael Walters, was strangely silent about the Tring fiasco. The item reporting the profits setback and the £150,000 pay-off to former joint chief executive and Levinson protégé Mark Frey was penned by a colleague. No mention of previous *Mail* enthusiasm for Frey and his backer despite two "puffs" earlier this year.

But that was then and this is now, and the now share is Hay & Robinson where the Levinson protégé/front is Lance Yates whose much trumpeted claim to fame is that he was licensing and merchandising consultant to a Rolling Stones tour. That campaign medal helped the H&R publicity men to make Yates fans of both the *Mail on Sunday* and the *Sunday Telegraph*.

However, too little attention has been paid to Yates's previous business career or his long-time connections with Levinson, no stranger to walking away unscathed and enriched from company crashes.

Yates has specialised in merchandising clothes linked to sports or showbiz stars. In 1976 he founded Timbourne Fashions. Paul Levinson became a director in 1985 and the company was sold to the then Levinson-run Prestwich Holdings. Both men left the company, renamed Mobile Merchandising, in 1989 after a Levinsonless management buy-out of Prestwich and the sale of Mobile to Splash Products. The year before the sale Mobile made £260,000. The first year after the sale saw a loss of £1.25 million.

Yates had by then moved on to the Rolling Stones and in 1991 became chief executive of the Licensed Merchandise Group. This was all set for a flotation last year until problems appeared and Yates "disappeared" in September. When boosting Yates in October, Walters referred to the fact that his and Levinson's man had been "involved in a costly company collapse". Something of an understatement. In January LMG collapsed with a deficiency for creditors of almost £13 million.

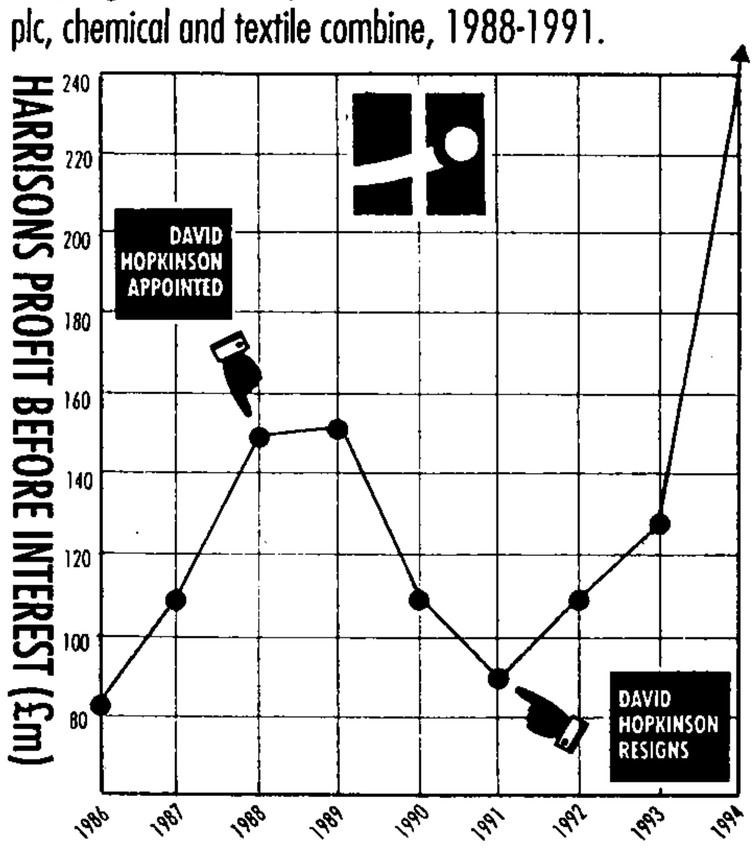
All of which should give outside investors in H&R who — unlike Levinson and Yates — have not paid 10p pause for thought. So too should the extent of the Levinson stake in H&R. This is represented by Levinson Junior, Mark L, who did such a sterling job at Tring. The Levinson stake (37 percent) is held through Kylemore Investments from the secrecy haven of the British Virgin Islands. Kylemore is controlled by the Palan Trust, established by Paul Anthony Levinson.

Kylemore with Yates subscribed for most of the eight million shares not placed in H&R. But there was no shortage of Levinson links among the lucky placees who also had to pay only 10p. Some 300,000 shares went to David Osterley and family. Osterley and Levinson go way back to the 60s. Indeed Osterley was working for Prestwich when in February 1986 he was given a suspended prison sentence for his part in a plot to defraud brokers James Capel of £1.8 million.

Another H&R placee and veteran Levinson associate was Warren Goldberg who received 40,000 shares. Goldberg starred in the Video Form video nasty Levinson sold to Gerald Ronson. Earlier this year he presided over another video shocker, Priorswalk, which collapsed owing creditors £1 million. Priorswalk was owned by Braveworld (sick) which in turn was owned by offshore Levinson and Goldberg trusts.

Whether those investors encouraged by Paul Levinson's Wimbledon guest Michael Walters to buy into H&R will do as well as Paul, Mark, Lance, David and Warren remains to be seen. But they have already made almost 400 percent and can afford to look for the exit. History suggests that is always the best advice with any Levinson deal.

British Management Part 30.
DAVID HOPKINSON CBE, Church Commissioner, Director Charities Investment Managers. Former Director British Rail, English China Clays. Chairman Harrisons & Crosfield plc, chemical and textile combine, 1988-1991.

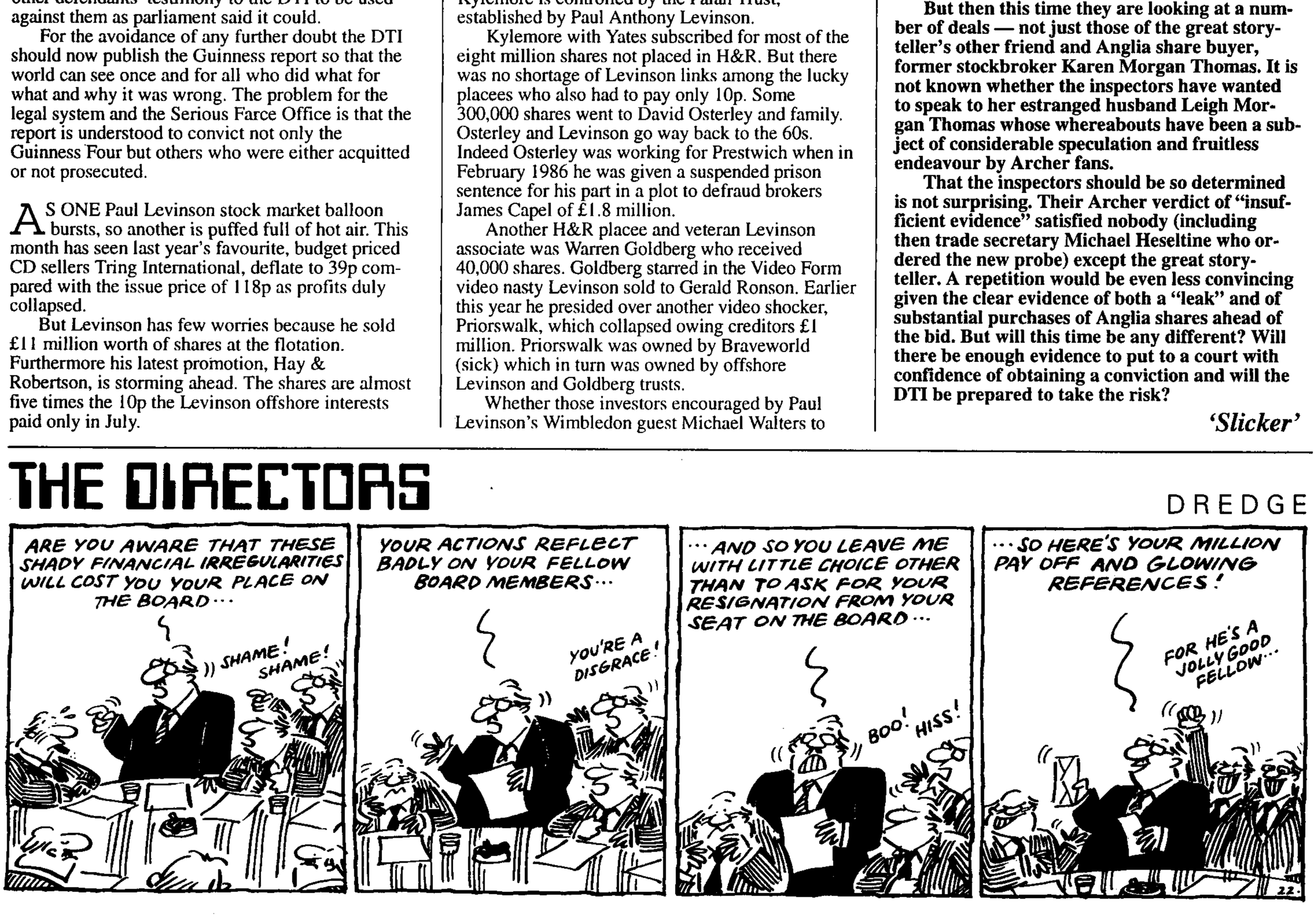


THE Department of Timidity & Inaction appears second time around to be determined to get to the bottom of the Anglia Television insider dealing allegations. Something for which the great storyteller Lord Archer will no doubt be truly appreciative. Unlike last year when the DTI inspectors finished their inquiries into Archer's purchases of 50,000 Anglia shares for his friend Broosk Saib just ahead of the MAI bid in double quick time, so far the inspectors have been on the case six months.

But then this time they are looking at a number of deals — not just those of the great storyteller's other friend and Anglia share buyer, former stockbroker Karen Morgan Thomas. It is not known whether the inspectors have wanted to speak to her estranged husband Leigh Morgan Thomas whose whereabouts have been a subject of considerable speculation and fruitless endeavour by Archer fans.

That the inspectors should be so determined is not surprising. Their Archer verdict of "insufficient evidence" satisfied nobody (including then trade secretary Michael Heseltine who ordered the new probe) except the great storyteller. A repetition would be even less convincing given the clear evidence of both a "leak" and of substantial purchases of Anglia shares ahead of the bid. But will this time be any different? Will there be enough evidence to put to a court with confidence of obtaining a conviction and will the DTI be prepared to take the risk?

'Slicker'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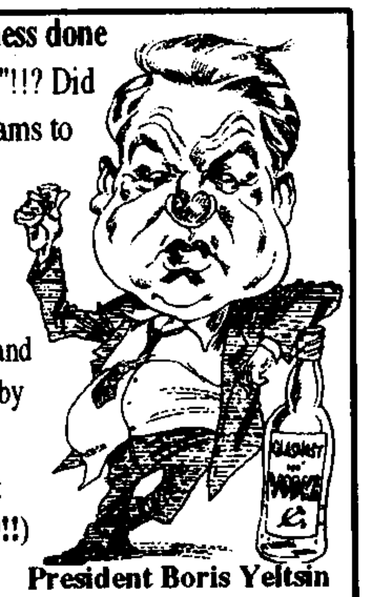

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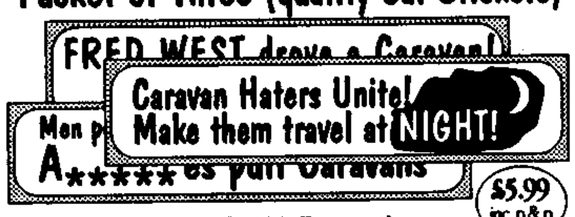

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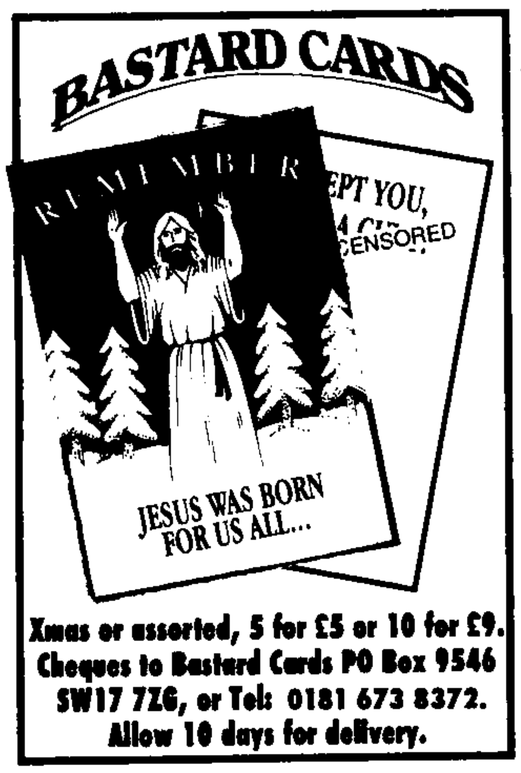

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SPEECHWRITING by Mitch Murray. See Page 30.

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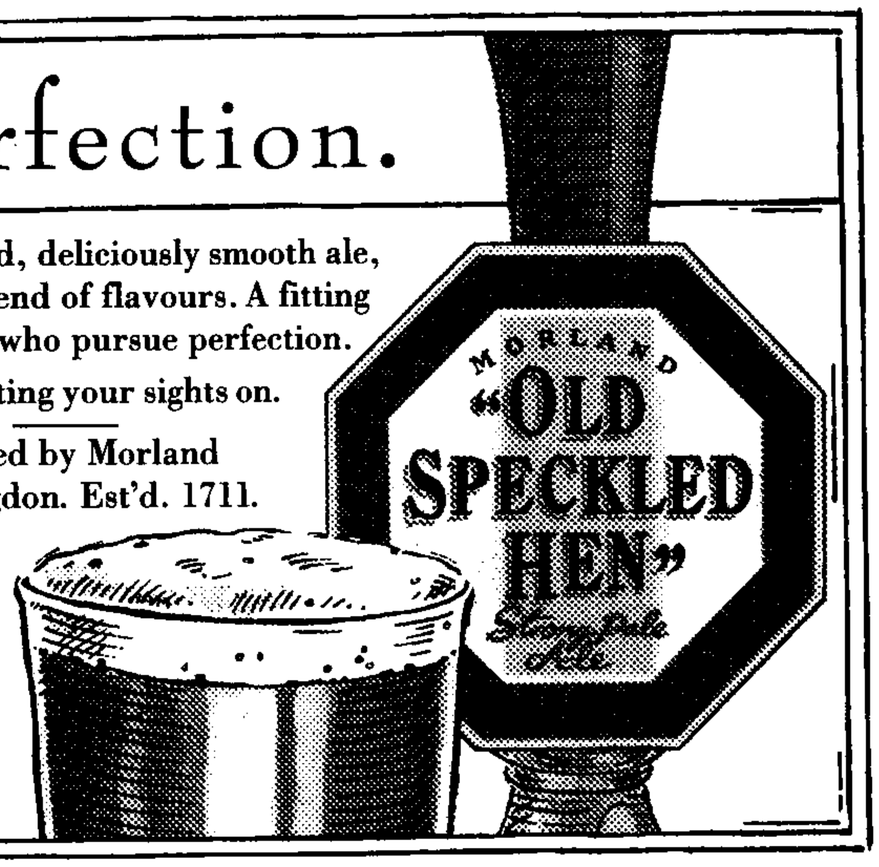

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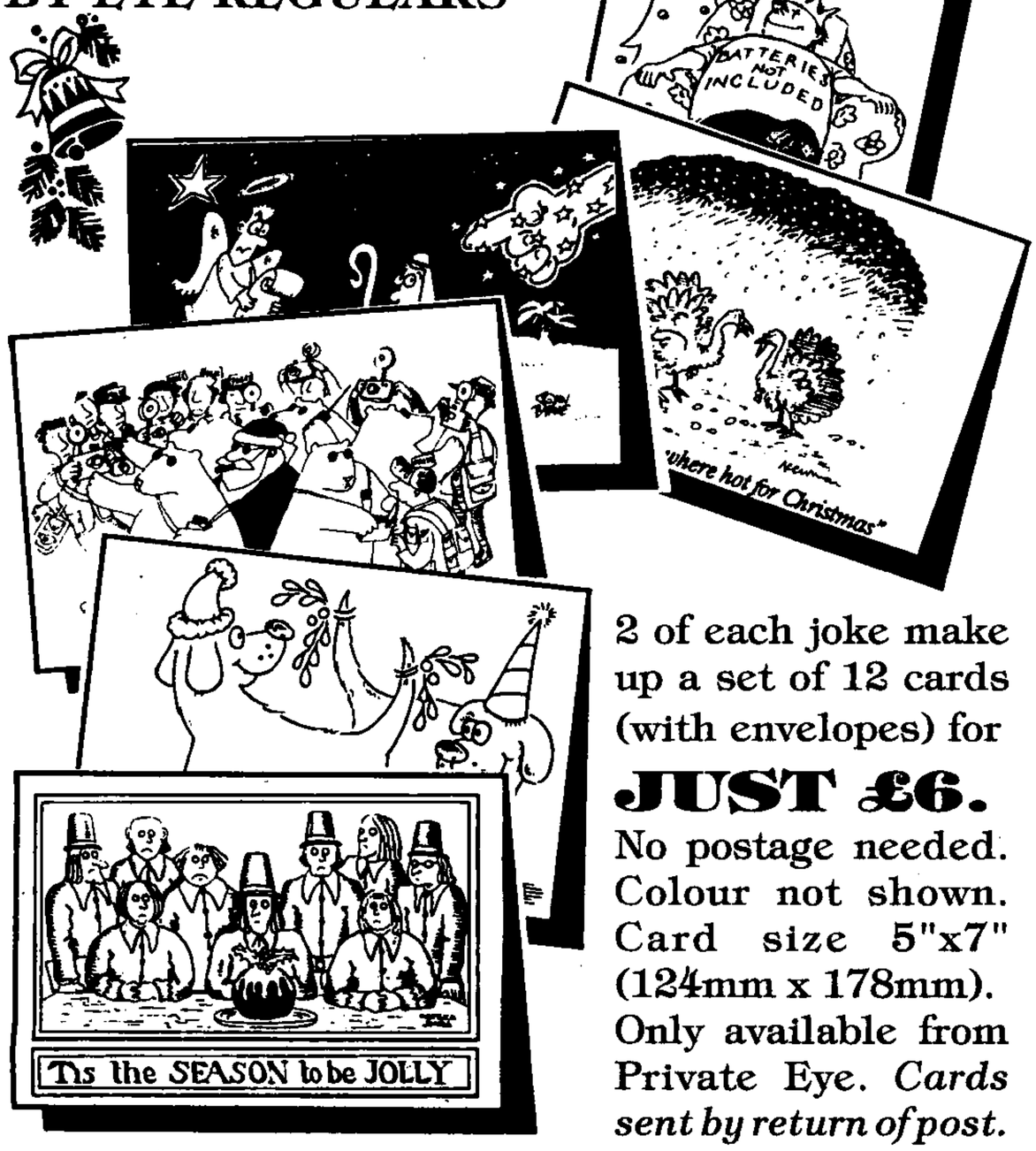

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